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AUTUMN BOOKS

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The Defeat of Dulles

LAST Tuesday, at his press conference, Mr Dulles publicly and awkwardly abandoned the policy which led the world to the brink of nuclear war. The US, he said, believed that Chiang had been 'foolish' to station such large forces on Quemoy and Matsu, and that they should be evacuated as soon as the shooting stopped: there is to be no time limit on the Warsaw talks, and there may even be a meeting with Chou En-lai. In short, the sabre is put back in the scabbard.

For this change Mr Dulles deserves no personal credit. It was he who stretched the Formosa Declaration to make the defence of the off-shore islands 'indivisible' from the security of Formosa. It was he who condoned the provocative reinforcement of these islands, and insisted that their evacuation would be 'another Munich', which would 'strike a disastrous blow at the morale of Chiang's army'. Even the most casual comparison of his remarks on Tuesday with the bellicose attitude he took two weeks ago—disguised as a 'high official of the State Department'—shows that Mr Dulles has been forced to eat his words. The angry comments from Chiang's spokesmen in Formosa—who see the war they want denied them once again—underline the point.

What explains this change? No doubt, military considerations played a part: the US had nothing to gain from fighting an inconclusive campaign on the South China Coast, and the price of effective action was nuclear war. The President may have rejected the last note from Mr Krushchev, but he undoubtedly read it. However, the decision to draw back from the brink was taken primarily for political reasons. To the warnings that the President received from his more sober military advisers was added the sharpest public criticism that Mr Dulles has yet evoked. Much of the press was against him; so, too, were the Democrats who control the key committees in Congress, the opinion polls and the angry letters which have poured into the State Department and the offices of Congressmen. The last of these forms of pressure may have been the most important. With an election only a few weeks away, Republican candidates could not afford the follies of Mr Dulles. In 1952 they won an election on the slogan of Korea and Corruption: in 1958, the tables have been turned, and the key words for the Democrats are Quemoy and Sherman Adams.

Three weeks ago we pointed out that, 'if war is to be averted, the Chinese civil war must be fought to a finish in Washington'. That remains true. The situation has changed this week because American policy has changed, and for no other reason. This is a victory for those in America who believe that Washington must free itself from the fantasies of the Chiang regime and, eventually, come to terms with the reality of Communist China. It is also a success for those, in Britain and elsewhere, who have spoken out firmly against Mr Dulles. It is all very well for Mr Macmillan to give private 'assurances' to the TUC: but his public action was to send Mr Selwyn Lloyd to the UN to 'explain' that it would be unwise to talk about the admission of Peking. Indeed, he went further. He instructed the Foreign Secretary to support Mr Dulles in 'resisting the use of force'. This was hypocrisy, not diplomacy; the men who used force in Suez and Jordan were simply trying to curry favour because they feared that the United States might include the exposed British portion in Amman in any agonising and resentful reappraisal of its commitments.

The correct position was that taken by Mr Gaitskell in his speech to the Labour conference last Monday—a position, moreover, in which he spoke for practically all informed British opinion except the Suez group and the *Daily Telegraph*. 'I cannot accept that our relationship with the US when we disagree should be one of obsequious silence', Mr Gaitskell said. 'We must speak out plainly against an act of great danger which is wholly unjustified'. Precisely. That is the condition of a genuine alliance, and its value has been proved by the change of course in Washington.

It is not, however, enough to force Mr Dulles back from the brink. The next step is to help American opinion to formulate a sensible settlement in the Far East. Now that Mr Dulles has been told to listen to reason, perhaps Mr Macmillan can find his voice again.

Comments on the Week's News

Old School Ties

The slim platform majority in the education debate at Scarborough was highly significant. It would have been a defeat if the point of principle had been taken apart from other issues, and if the question of religious schools had been hived off. Among manual workers, whose relative economic and prestige position has notably improved during the past two decades, there is still, and to an increasing extent, a strong feeling of separation from the 'black coats'. On general education policy there was almost no dispute, the terms of the Executive report, with its strong emphasis on comprehensive schools, being almost generally endorsed. Almost the entire debate centred round the Executive's decision that a Labour government would let the public schools alone, in order to concentrate attention on larger and more urgent problems. It is to be doubted whether any large section of the delegates really dissented from this view or want a Labour government to plunge headlong into a conflict with the fee-paying schools without quite knowing what to do with them. But Miss Bacon's failure to attack them was interpreted as a defence of them; and a great many delegates found it too much to swallow without a protest. Consequently the engineers, the shop workers, the railwaymen and the transport workers cast their votes against the Executive, which had got its narrow majority with the support of the mineworkers and the faithful NUGMW. A generation ago it would have been more than surprising to find the mineworkers, who have the anti-intellectual complex most firmly rooted in them, in this position. But doubtless antagonism to the Left acted as a still more potent motive. Some day Labour must clearly make away with the fee-paying public schools; but it had better choose its own time, which will not be until the comprehensive schools have been firmly established in sufficient numbers and have had time to show their merits.

No Discrimination

The Labour Party's statement on the colour problem is strong and courageous: it is leadership in the best sense, because it does not yield an inch of principle to public prejudice. It sets the problem, moreover, in its proper context. First, this is a matter which concerns the Commonwealth as a whole, and it may be necessary to provide help in cleaning up the economic slums in Britain's overseas territories and former colonies. Secondly, the employment and housing problems faced by coloured and immigrants reflect, in an exaggerated form, the general demand for jobs and houses, and they can be effectively relieved only as work and homes are provided for all. Next, there is a real need for an educational campaign at all levels, to 'widen knowledge about our fellow-citizens of the Commonwealth', and for local inter-racial voluntary work to deal with or prevent community tension. The Labour Party rightly points out that, on balance, Britain is losing population by migration; the cry for control of entry to this country arises solely from racial feeling, not from economic facts. To ensure full equality, Labour now proposes legislation to 'stop discrimination in public places'. This, presumably, means that to exclude coloured people from cinemas, dance halls or public houses would be an offence. Such a law would be valuable, and the Americans have shown that it can be enforced effectively. But it would leave an important part of the problem outside the reach of the law, because housing and employment, to a great extent, are in the private sector. Fortunately, again, there is a wealth of experience on these matters in the US, where many forms of discrimination in housing and work have been checked by law. The Labour Party should take a close look at the American example before it puts its proposals in final form.

Back to 'Never' for Cyprus

Mr Macmillan's decision to brush aside the Makarios proposals for complete Cypriot independence and to press ahead over the protests of the Greeks with his own plan, which involves the participation in the government of Cyprus of the Turkish government in Ankara, is proof of two propositions. First, that for reasons of its own the British government has no intention in the foreseeable future of abandoning direct rule in Cyprus: the wheel has turned full circle and we are virtually back to the earlier doctrine of 'Independence – never'. Secondly, Mr Macmillan is doing his best to ensure that, should some future government seek to modify this doctrine, independence would be possible only on conditions laid down by Ankara, i.e. partition. All the consequences of this lamentable policy are not yet clear. What is certain is that British troops, mostly national servicemen, are condemned to an indefinite period of guerilla war in the peculiarly unpleasant conditions of Cyprus. They will suffer casualties; and, though their opponents on the ground will be mostly Greek Cypriots, the blame for the trouble they will have to face lies squarely on Mr Macmillan and his colleagues, who have chosen to rebuff and discredit the moderates among the Greek leaders. Almost equally probable is the renewal and intensification of intercommunal bloodshed between Greek and Turkish Cypriots; while a Greek boycott of Nato is a distinct possibility. It all seems a very high price to pay for the Suez group and for Mr Macmillan's tortuous bungling in the Middle East.

Mr Hammarskjold's Gamble

Though Mr Hammarskjold's report on his Middle East intervention is a skilful and in some ways an encouraging document, it still leaves many questions unanswered. What happens after – as now seems likely – US and British troops are withdrawn this month? Lebanon is very slowly returning to normal; but in Jordan the conditions required for a British withdrawal show no sign of developing. Radio mud-slinging between Amman, on the one hand, and Cairo and Damascus on the other, continues. Oil supplies from Iraq are still suspended; the Jordan-Syrian frontier is still closed. It is hard to believe that Mr Macmillan will withdraw British troops before Hussein gets satisfaction on all these points. Moreover, even if he receives formal promises from the UAR, the new UN mission will be able to exercise only moral pressure to ensure they are kept. The best advice the British government can give Hussein is to take the initiative himself, by dismissing the totally unrepresentative Rifai government, releasing the parliamentarians he arrested last year, and calling on a Palestinian – such as Sulieman Nabulsi – to form a new government. Despite the animosities of the last 18 months, such steps would maintain the *status quo* at least for a time. There is some evidence that the Egypt-Syrian union is running into difficulties, both political and financial; and Nasser may be unwilling, for the present, to absorb a country which would become an immediate financial liability, especially since the threat of Israeli intervention still stands. For the moment, indeed, he is principally concerned with raising money in the oil-bearing states. His appeal for a loan from Iraq has not merely been rejected, but has been followed by the dismissal of his chief supporter in the Baghdad junta, Colonel Arif. On the other hand, he is to get some money – how much we do not yet know – from Kuweit. This is a far more sensible solution, which might have been adopted long before but for British opposition. The fact that the British government has now given the Ruler permission not only to lend Nasser money but also to join the Arab League is an indication that the Foreign Office is at last becoming aware of our precarious position on the Gulf.

NEXT WEEK

The Parties and the Public

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MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

London Diary

Nigerian Independence in 1960?

The Nigerian constitutional conference, which opened this week, meets in uneasy circumstances. It is officially a continuation of the adjourned conference from last year, yet so much has happened in the meantime that it starts with a new agenda. Since the adjournment, the commissions on minorities, police and fiscal arrangements have reported: most of the Nigerian leaders are critical of the proposals for a single police force, while they are at loggerheads on the minorities policy. Again, although the Secretary of State declared last year that the date of independence could not yet be guaranteed, 2 April 1960 has since become the magic day to Nigerians and will be strongly pressed next week. New matters will also be raised, including the vexed one of the federal franchise with its central controversy whether Moslems will allow women to vote. These differences might have been overcome if there had been goodwill between the parties, but tension has developed, particularly between the action group of the Western Region, led by Dr Awolowo, and the Northern People's Congress, led by the Sanduna of Sokota. There is danger that their differences may be aggravated by the boundary dispute between Western and Northern Regions in the district of Ilorin and Kabba. Behind this atmosphere of dispute is one central issue. Realists in Nigeria as well as in Britain recognise that the necessary measures to make Nigeria not only independent, but a whole national state, will take longer than 18 months to complete; but no Nigerian politician dare openly suggest postponing the independence date. Many of the most intelligent Nigerian politicans would privately like the British government to propose that the date be postponed, so that they may then inveigh against British imperialists whilst reluctantly accepting the British dictat.

No Trial for Odede

Nearly six years ago a Kenya member of the Legislative Council, Walter Fanuel Odede, was arrested for being implicated in Mau Mau and for attempting to spread violent Mau Mau methods from the widely affected Kikuyu country to his own Luo tribe. No evidence was given. The outcry in the press at the time about this arrest of a man who had publicly denounced Mau Mau practically every time he made a Legco speech (e.g., NEW STATESMAN, 14 March 1953) was allowed to die down and the Kenya government have never brought Odede to trial. A letter which has recently been published (in *Drum* magazine) shows that Odede should have been brought to trial some five years ago. The loyalist supporter of the Kenya government, Councillor A. M. Ofafa, who was himself later killed by Mau Mau, writes that the Kenya Governor, Sir Evelyn Baring, told him that he wanted Odede brought to trial without further delay. It was a question of witnesses; if they agreed to come forward Odede would 'soon be brought to trial. If, on the other hand, they refused to do so, he would have to wait a little longer'. That letter was written by Ofafa only six weeks after Odede's arrest, but the witnesses who might have planted information about him have still not come forward to be publicly cross examined. Odede's final return to freedom is being made very difficult by the Kenya government. Their policy is slowly to let prisoners, who have been arrested under Emergency Regulations without a trial, come out of detention into 'restriction'. This means that the person is kept in a remote area where he is usually given a job, somewhere to live, and the chance of seeing selected relatives. So far no outstanding African leaders have been entirely freed. This is hardly surprising when one of the conditions of their release is that they should have nothing to do with politics of any kind.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

The Tranquilliser Vote

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Yes, it was a massive vote. But enthusiastic? Even when the magnitude of de Gaulle's landslide became apparent, the crowd on the Champs-Elysées – which had come to watch the results on an illuminated screen – showed no inclination to express its joy physically. There was no procession, not too much applause. The police-cars parked outside the Communist Party and *L'Humanité* headquarters proved unnecessary. Most of the people in the crowd must have voted for de Gaulle, for in the centre of Paris he got over 80 per cent.; but one got the impression that these 'temporary Gaullists' were rather suspicious of one another, that they were not quite happy at finding themselves in this miraculous coalition of national unanimity around a man who promises all and nothing to everyone.

De Gaulle, wrote *Le Monde's* director, Beuve-Méry – who voted 'Yes' himself – has been given a blank cheque by the French nation. 'The people have placed all their responsibilities on the man who asked for them.' True, and perhaps this explains the lack of enthusiasm with which they did it: people do not feel proud of delivering themselves and their rights into the hands of a single man – even if the alternative seems worse.

So de Gaulle is now vested with virtually limitless power, and his opponents are disarmed. For four months he has the right to govern by decree, thanks to Article 92 of the new constitution, covering the transition period. From now on, his supporters, whether on left or right, have no excuse to justify any evasion or ambiguity on his part. At the end of this week he goes to Constantine to make a major speech; and this time he will have to give a clear indication which section of his electors he intends to satisfy; those who voted to enable him to make peace in Algeria, or those who voted for carrying on the war.

In two months, moreover, France votes again – for distinct parties, with precise political programmes, not for a woolly enigma. If de Gaulle is to consolidate his victory, he too must have something definite to offer – or to show – by then. For the mood of last Sunday may be transitory. The Communist vote dropped by a million or more; but the party hung grimly on to its strongholds, at Bagnolet and Ivry, at Nanterre and Genevilliers. How many voted for Mendès-France and the Socialist minority it is impossible to say; but there is no evidence, as some Gaullists claim, that they were annihilated. France has now given de Gaulle a mandate, but for a specific series of jobs; and in two months' time the nation will be able to form an estimate of how well he has tackled them. The first and most important is Algeria; and nobody need be deceived by the overwhelming Yes vote into thinking that the referendum in Algeria has settled anything at all. Between the 97 per cent. Algerian 'Yesses' and peace there is a vast abyss, which de Gaulle must rapidly bridge if he is not to lose the 80 per cent. vote in France.

New York

Twilight for the Segregationists

As long as segregationists confined themselves to defiance of the Supreme Court and Southern-fried oratory, they had things pretty much their own way, but the day they began closing schools appears to have been the day they ordained their downfall. For thousands of parents in Arkansas and Virginia the question has suddenly shifted from a choice between mixed classes and racial purity to the prospect of having integrated schools or none at all; of having to oppose their state administrations, rather than the federal government, or see their children's education gravely disrupted. The result is that for the first time in the prolonged crisis Southern moderates have found their voice, and talk of yielding to the inevitable is no longer regarded as treason to the Confederacy.

No sooner had Governor Almond of Virginia closed the schools of Front Royal, rather than allow them to accede to the integration order of a federal court, than 13 clergymen of that lovely town in the Shenandoah valley improved on the states' rights argument by a forceful stand for local rights: 'We believe that Warren County should have the right to work out its own problems without being required to conform to a state policy which ignores local conditions'. A 'Committee for Public Education' in Charlottesville, not far from Jefferson's beloved Monticello, sent a message to President Eisenhower in which maintenance of the public schools was placed above the issue of segregation, a far cry from the state's official policy of 'massive resistance'.

In Little Rock, where for several weeks high school pupils have been getting their education, if any, by television, the school board has been flooded with telephone calls from parents worried about the academic status of their children, particularly of high school seniors whose chances of being admitted to college next fall have been jeopardised. More than 300 students have already asked for transfers to schools in other cities. In a poll taken by a New York *Times* reporter, three out of four parents took the line, 'We are still opposed to integration but our children can't go without school much longer'. Even more significant, 61 Little Rock lawyers joined to warn their fellow citizens that Governor Faubus's scheme to reopen the public schools as segregated private institutions was doomed to go down in the courts and that there was ultimately no alternative to integration.

In spite of this upsurge of moderation, the Little Rock referendum ordered by Governor Faubus went overwhelmingly for segregation, but the result was hardly surprising. The choice offered to the voters was one of the extremes – all schools fully integrated at once or no integration at all. The community was given to understand, moreover, that, if it selected the second course, the schools would be reopened immediately as segregated private institutions, and all would be as it was before. The important fact is that, in the campaign preceding the vote, integrationist sentiment came out of hiding and the extremists will not again have the field to themselves.

In the circumstances there is something to be said at the moment for the Administration's policy of lying low and letting local sentiment develop. Intimations from Attorney General Rogers that this was the government's intention stung Governor Almond into a revealing, if ludicrous response. 'It is the old familiar technique of divide and conquer', he told reporters. 'I would say that would meet the full applause and approbation of Mr Krushchev.' Faubus made no such direct reply to Rogers but acknowledged the rising tide of opposition by suggesting that 'a large number' of Presbyterian ministers favouring integration had been 'brainwashed by left-wingers and Communists'. He also took the pacifying step of ordering the Little Rock school board to resume the high school football schedule even if there were no high schools, temporarily, for the teams to represent.

Chiding Faubus, the Presbyterian moderator made the point that it was 'simply inconceivable' for his church to send missionaries to coloured peoples in the far corners of the earth while ignoring the rights of Negroes here at home; but with Christian forbearance he made no reference to the possibilities of missionary work among the Southern Governors.

ROBERT BENDINER

Rangoon

The Army Takes Over

Our Correspondent in Burma writes: General Ne Win, chief of staff of the Burma army, is to be Prime Minister in charge of a caretaker government while the 'Nu-Tin' and the 'Swe-Nyein' factions of the divided AFPFL party will compete in April for power. The situation in the country has been worsening in the months since the break-up of AFPFL, and though U Nu himself, aware of his precarious position in parliament with an unreliable majority of eight votes, had pledged fair play, the 'Swe-Nyein'

opposition have bitterly complained of repressive measures directed against them. And the complaints seem to have been justified to a large extent. Thousands of port-workers in Rangoon were dismissed because they continued to follow the Trade Union Congress led by Ba Swe. Members of parliament of the 'Swe-Nyein' group – who held together despite bribery and coercion – were threatened with arrest. After the Communist-indoctrinated People's Comrade Party had 'exchanged arms for democracy' (which was a face-saving expression devised to describe surrender after years of rebellion), there were rumours, presumably started by the 'Nu-Tin' group, that they would be rearmed and set up as a regular force to counteract the influence of the army.

The army had stayed neutral in the whole affair, pledging itself to upholding the constitution. But when, at a national congress of the leaders of the 'Nu-Tin' group in Rangoon, the army was bitterly attacked as partisan, and Deputy-Premier Thakin Tin, who was presiding, made no attempt to check the attacks or correct misunderstandings, the army became restive, and field commanders began to take the platform and speak up. Added to that there was the fear of assassination felt by the 'Nu-Tin' and the 'Swe-Nyein' groups alike, and Rangoon, during the few days preceding U Nu's announcement that he was handing over to Ne Win, was a rumour-ridden and terror-stricken city.

General Ne Win has been in the government before. In April 1949 when Rangoon was a besieged city with Communist and Karen insurgents pounding at its gates, the Socialist ministers resigned *en bloc* as a gesture of invitation to the Communists to come in and participate in nation-building. Then, U Nu called upon Ne Win to join the Cabinet as Deputy-Premier, and help to restore law and order for the first parliamentary elections under the new constitution.

It would be quite wrong to interpret Ne Win's assumption of the premiership as a *coup*. The change is taking place only after the Chamber of Deputies has given sanction to it; and the Chamber, which U Nu was on the point of dissolving without giving it a chance to pass the budget, will meet on 28 October to nominate Ne Win as the head of the new government. An explosive situation has been eased, and people are sighing with relief. For the army, for Ne Win, and for his young colonels – such as Aung Gyi and Maung Maung who bore their messages and 'suggestions' to U Nu before the proposed transfer of power was announced – it is a big trial, and a big opportunity, to serve the country and prove they are soldiers of democracy.

Fleet Street

The Scarborough Smart Set

Life being what it is, it should perhaps surprise no one that the feature of the popular press which, according to recent readership polls, seems currently to be pulling in the most customers is the gossip column. The gossip column of course has always had its followers since journalism began. But now at least a page of gossip, preferably well up at the front of the paper where the eager reader can reach it without having to turn over a lot of dull pages about politics and such like things, has become mandatory to any paper that wishes to make the popular grade. In most cases, it appears, this is the first page the largest number of readers of the majority of papers turn to; and enough money is being lavished on the production of gossip pages to have covered almost the entire editorial costs of a serious opinion paper not so very long ago.

If you want to make an impact on the public consciousness these days, therefore, your best chance is to catch the eye and pen, not of a leader writer or political correspondent but of one of those excitable boys – and of course girls – who operate as dedicated teams under the names of 'William Hickey', 'John Rolls', 'Paul Tanfield', 'Simon Ward', 'Henry Fielding' and 'John London'. As they scurry about their plushy world many of these corporate bodies now dispose of the sort of budget that many an old-time news editor would have been glad to have at his command for the reportorial expenses of a whole newspaper.

Since the Labour Party is much concerned at the moment with its lack of impact on the great public it must, therefore, be regarded as a political achievement of some note that it succeeded momentarily in prising a fair number of the gossip columnists from their usual West End beats for a rapid gulp of Scarborough air. William Hickey, it is true, could not bring himself to make the journey – even though the most distinguished of his predecessors in office was the conference chairman. He was occupied with a transatlantic call to Mr James Mason. Nor did Simon Ward of the *Sketch* – who has just added to himself with a good deal of modest mutual back-slapping another ex-William Hickey of a more recent, less full bodied vintage – go north. He was in Brussels fulfilling his public responsibilities with a quick preview of that city before Princess Margaret arrived. But John Rolls of the *Mirror*, Paul Tanfield of the *Mail*, John London of the *News Chronicle* and Henry Fielding of the *Herald* were all there in some force. So was Peter Chambers who edits the *Evening Standard's* 'In London Last Night' feature. He gave the impression of being rather overwhelmed at finding himself in such very odd surroundings: one caught a certain flavour of slumming about the whole thing.

All those who went except, rather oddly, the *Herald's* gossip-writer, not only attended Scarborough but led their glittering paragraphs with it. Mr Fielding could not quite bring himself to do that. He led with the more socially significant fact that a young man of 21 named Larry Page,

'In any case, one partner's enough—I'm *not polygamous . . .'*

who, it appears, earns £200 a week as a rock-and-roll singer, had taken his 18-year-old wife (they have been married ten weeks) to a psychologist – or according to other papers a psychiatrist: newspapermen are not on the whole very good at distinguishing between the two. The others left this to the news pages. I liked best the *Mirror's* story. It contained an interview with young Mr Page as a harassed but understanding husband which seems to me worthy of putting on the record. 'I understand about Anne', he told the *Mirror*. 'I had my first nervous breakdown when I was 12. The second came a little later'. First steps to £200 a week no doubt.

In Scarborough itself the best star material, by the austere standards of the gossip columnists, were Barbara Castle, who scored heavily by having a bad cold which she claimed to have caught from Nye Bevan, Edith Summerskill, who, it emerged, had not only a new hat but also a stethoscope ('We *always* bring our stethoscopes to these conferences. You can never tell what will happen next', she told Mr Tanfield, speaking for her husband as well), Nye Bevan, who had a beret, and Sir Tom O'Brien, who had an idea – to hold future Labour Party conferences on a chartered liner to escape the weather. Mr Harold Wilson, who had both a pipe and a 75-year-old father, also rated fairly high; and Mrs Bessie Braddock, who hadn't a new hat but *had* brought her husband ('He's a scream') and wasn't staying at either the Grand or the Royal but 'up the road', won her place in several of the social records. Jim Callaghan who had a red shirt *and* red braces hardly, one feels, got the treatment he deserved. But John London spotted him. Hugh Gaitskell, 'striding briskly along the sea front inhaling ozone with fanatical dedication', according to one gossip columnist – 'he glides everywhere', according to another – did his best to be obliging. But he seems to have been a shade disappointing to some of the more eager gossipers like John London: 'Will you', I ventured, 'be taking a dip?' The answer came as pat as a pre-arranged statement of foreign policy: 'Oh no – certainly not. It's far too cold'. In this matter it is clear Mr Gaitskell is not in tune with progress and the modern press. After all, as John London pointed out, Lord Hailsham took a dip last year.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

'Conduct to the Prejudice . . .'

ARMIES defeated abroad frequently attempt a vicarious restoration of their honour by imposing their will at home. After 1918, German militarism compensated in the political field for the rout of Flanders. Pétain rose phoenix-like from the ashes of the 1940 disaster. The origins of the military dictatorships of the Middle East lie partly in the débâcle of 1948. What gave the de Gaulle landslide its irresistible momentum was not so much the inadequacies of the Fourth Republic as the army's threat of civil war; and this itself was the product of an uninterrupted series of defeats – going back to the 1945 surrender of Syria – in which the French army had been cast in the role of sacrificial victim. Unable to take revenge on its enemies, the French army struck at the state; the honour lost at Dien Bien Phu was 'restored' last Sunday.

For this the state was largely to blame. After the second world war, the leaders of the established parties were confronted with the contraction of France's overseas empire made inevitable by the growth of national consciousness among the coloured peoples. They had a choice: to legalise and accept this movement by a planned series of political concessions; or to enter into a military trial of strength with it. In the event, no deliberate choice was made. The majority of the Fourth Republic's leaders were inclined, in principle, to the first alternative. But by their weakness, their piecemeal surrenders to pressure-groups, above all by their indecision, they drifted into the second.

Hence the French army was committed to a series of tasks, which were themselves beyond its powers, with no clearly defined political objectives, and without the unequivocal backing of the civil power. The generals were instructed to defeat the Vietminh, but they were forbidden to employ French conscripts, or to allow the percentage of casualties of French origin to rise beyond a certain point. In Morocco and Tunisia, the state surrendered to nationalism, but found itself unable to take the logical step of withdrawing the army entirely; it was therefore confined to a series of humiliating cantonments, performing no function other than saving the face of its government. In Algeria, it was committed to a war of extermination, but forbidden to exercise the tactical right of pursuit, or the strategic right to strike at the source of enemy power, which – as the government repeatedly proclaimed – was Cairo. Added to these humiliations and frustrations were the inevitable consequences of over-extension. Pétain, investigating the 1917 mutinies, found the principal cause to be the fact that some units had been in the line for over 18 months: today, some French regiments have been on continuous active service for over seven years.

The result was a gradual collapse of morale and a weakening of the constitutional chain of authority. From 1946, acts of indiscipline, on the part of colonial governors and other high civil servants, became frequent; in 1951, and again in 1953, the senior commander in Morocco associated himself with deliberate challenges to the government in Paris. While the tragedy of Indo-China was drawing to its close, M. Laniel, the premier, and M. Pleven, the Defence Minister, had their bottoms kicked by ex-servicemen at a ceremony under the Arc de Triomphe – a clear indication of the trend of service opinion. Algeria completed the break-up of the command structure. Not only did Army HQ act without the authority of Paris – as the bombing of Sakiet showed – but the hierarchy within the army began to collapse. Junior officers and men, bewildered by the disintegration of their code of obedience, transferred their loyalty to individual unit commanders. Hence the architects of 13 May were a handful of regimental commanders, for whom the generals acted merely as nervous spokesmen.

These events in France should provide some anxious food for thought in Britain. After 1945, the Labour government, confronted with much the same problem as the Fourth Republic, was strong enough to opt for a policy of voluntary surrender, at least so far as the Asian colonies were concerned. The British army was thus spared much humiliation. Nevertheless, it was handed some disagreeable and fruitless tasks, notably in Palestine and Malaya; and to the strain of prolonged anti-terrorist combat was added the ultimate frustration that its job was not to secure victory, but to make straight the path to independence. When the Tories returned to office, the burden placed on the army was vastly increased. Reluctantly, and under terrorist pressure, Churchill withdrew from the Suez Canal base – a decision which was badly received in military quarters – but without any planned policy to liquidate the military commitments in the area which made the base necessary. With heavy statutory commitments in Germany, and with two important anti-terrorist campaigns, in Malaya and Kenya, still on their hands, the military authorities had to improvise a mobile system of defence for a vast area of the Middle East and Africa without a satisfactory central base.

They failed to solve the problem, and when the government decided on a further military adventure to destroy Nasser, the army was unable to respond immediately. The delay thus involved in assembling the Suez armada enormously increased the political risks of the operation; indeed, by the time the armada set sail, it was already, politically speaking, doomed. Both ministers and service chiefs had ample grounds for mutual recrimination, which they did not fail to indulge.

Worse still, the Suez fiasco led to a governmental post-mortem on the whole structure of defence. This need not have been unwelcome to the service chiefs, who had always hated conscription; but in the circumstances it assumed the guise of retribution for a failure for which they believed the politicians to be responsible. The Sandys verdict, moreover, was both painful and illogical: painful because it involved premature retirement of many thousands of regular officers and government interference in the regimental structure; illogical because it cut conventional striking power at a time when our conventional commitments were not merely static but actually increasing. Moreover during the last defence debate in the Commons in July, it turned out that his estimate of future manpower requirements was based not on a military calculation, but on an actuarial one. None of this might have mattered if Sandys – like Cardwell and Haldane, who put through equally drastic reforms – had possessed united Cabinet backing. But the service chiefs discovered that, in the last resort, Sandys could not depend upon the Prime Minister, let alone the Cabinet. Their opposition, therefore, became increasingly vocal, indeed public. Leaks to newspapers, intensive lobbying of Tory backbenchers and manufacturers and threats of resignation culminated in a public pantomime, staged by the Chief of Air Staff, Sir Dermot Boyle, to prove that the Sandys White Papers were nonsense. As a result, Britain now has no defence policy at all, though both sides can flourish pieces of its débris to prove they have won. For the first time since the Curragh Mutiny of 1913, however, the service chiefs have made a successful incursion into politics, and have emerged unpunished.

It is against this background – of increasing frustration leading to increasing indiscipline – that recent events in Cyprus assume some significance. For Cyprus epitomises the process whereby Tory colonial and foreign policy is undermining the morale of the British army. Senior commanders are obliged to conduct an intensive anti-terrorist campaign – with units ranging from engineers to cavalry – while planning for sudden and unpredictable incursions into the Middle East. In July, they were forced, much against their will, to land a brigade in Jordan, without adequate lines of communication, and to occupy a position which, if the purely political calculations of the government proved mistaken, was militarily untenable. The police role in Cyprus, constantly varying, as it does, with sudden

government decisions to lift or reimpose curfews, to release or rearrest suspects, becomes increasingly difficult. For under the pressure of events, the government myth that Eoka represents only 'a handful of fanatics' is collapsing, and the troops now face the implacable hostility of most of the population. Are they to act as a police force or an occupying force? Two years ago, two regular officers were cashiered and sentenced for employing methods against suspects not very different from those which the governor in a public statement, now proclaims as 'inevitable'. Uncertain about their present task, the troops are, for the most part under canvas, with exceptionally long duty hours and, thanks to the curfew, with virtually no opportunity to relax. Of their officers, one-third are under sentence of premature retirement; the rest do not know when, or in what circumstances, their task in Cyprus will end; though most are bitterly suspicious that, as in Palestine or Suez, and no doubt in Jordan also, it will finish in an undignified evacuation, leaving chaos behind.

Such a combinaton of grievances tends initially to find expression in violence against the local civilian population, the ostensible cause of the army's frustrations. We saw this happen in Indo-China and Algeria; and now, with the formation of 'Cromwell' and the *ratissage* in the Paphos area, we can see its beginnings in Cyprus. But ultimately, as events in France have shown, the fury of the military gravitates to those really responsible: the politicians; and when it does so it makes no distinction between those who burden it with impossible tasks and those who try to remove them.

Recently a correspondent of this journal asked some junior officers in the British army what they thought of the colonels' revolt in Algiers. 'Jolly good show,' they said.

London Diary

It always fascinates me when a great publicity job is done on particular occasions – Churchill's golden wedding, Montgomery's retirement from his Nato job. I can never make up my mind whether the publicity creates the occasion or the occasion creates the publicity. Eliminate all the means of putting the occasion across – the reporters hanging around, the photographs, the editorial outpourings, the radio, the television – and how much authentic interest would there be in it? Are figures like Churchill and Montgomery really held in respect and affection by their fellows, or is it all an elaborately presented assumption – an assumption which, however, in a sense becomes valid by being made? It is very difficult to say, but whenever I have been concerned in such affairs as a reporter I have always had a feeling of concocting something. The television cameras attract the crowds rather than the crowds attracting the television cameras; newspapers have to be filled, and so there must be news. As a child I always thought there was something very odd about the constant insistence in the Bible that such and such had to be done 'in order that the prophesy might be fulfilled'. If it was a genuine prophesy, I wondered, why should things have to be done to fulfil it? In the same way, I suppose, Churchill and Montgomery have to be esteemed in order that the fact of their being esteemed should be made manifest.

* * *

The case of Montgomery is particularly interesting because I doubt very much whether at any stage in his career he has been personally popular. He is a cold, sharp, avidly egotistic little man with not much capacity for friendship or companionship. Yet no doubt his public *persona*, with suitable supporting anecdotage, has successfully come to life. His impersonation of himself gets ever more convincing. He, of course, believes in the reality of this impersonation and confidently expects it to be acceptable to posterity. Such figures prepare their place in history with loving care. They, as it were, write their own obituaries. The trouble here is that posterity's judgments may be quite different from ours. Seemingly momentous events like the last two world wars may appear, in themselves, as scarcely worthy of notice – just the inevitable accompaniment of the crack-up of a civilisation whose details and outcome are too irrelevant to be worth recording. Hitler! – who was he? Churchill! – never heard of him. It seems to me often that the ostensible shape of contemporary events bear little or no relation to their true significance – the orchestra playing a different score from the opera the actors are performing. This is not at all the feeling of the actors, who manage somehow to keep the show going, assailed occasionally, perhaps, by vague doubts – though not Montgomery. He is very sure. The converted mill in which he lives is already arranged as a museum, with all his trophies and portraits of himself on display. It is rather macabre, and even touching, to think of him thus living, an exhibit among exhibits.

* * *

I drove north to Scarborough with Cassandra and Sidney Jacobson. Cassandra, rather surprisingly, turned out to be something of a martinet. He was almost Prussian in his insistence on keeping exactly to our schedule. 'I want,' he would say, 'to know precisely where we're going to be at opening time.' We were fortunate enough to be able to pin-point the place and the pub. He drives steadily, accurately and uncomplainingly. Compared with the quenchless flow of his daily column, his conversation is spasmodic, and interrupted by moody silences when he seems to be overcome by the sheer enormity of human folly and tedium. I sympathise with this. We went together to see Lincoln Cathedral in the early morning. It was inconceivably beautiful in the morning light, but, like most Anglican edifices, somehow made more an impression of being a museum than a place of worship. We had a look at an RAF memorial chapel in the cathedral, with a special window dedicated to Bomber Command. When I thought of Berlin and Hamburg at the end of the war it seemed an odd sort of commemoration in that particular setting. The houses in the Cathedral Close looked very neat and quiet, and I suggested to Cassandra that we might both be better placed as archdeacons. He agreed without much conviction.

* * *

How fortunate it is that only seaside resorts have the requisite accommodation for party political conferences. These watering-places, with their entrenched Victorian character, suit such gatherings perfectly. The rows of boarding-houses stand up, solidly and over-elaborately built, like prepared speeches. There are gradations of hotels for the big and lesser brass. The whole setting conveys a way of life and a scale of values which are fast disappearing, but whose continued validity must, politically speaking, be assumed. Scarborough, Morecambe, Blackpool, Bournemouth – they are like national parks where politicians can disport themselves as though they were in their natural habitat. Whatever may happen to such places otherwise, this function they can confidently count on continuing to perform for a good many years yet.

* * *

The British Labour Party is one of the most enthralling of contemporary productions. Someone should write a wonderful history of it before it is too late. There may not be an unlimited amount of time available. When Michael Foot says the Labour Party has ceased to exist, he is obviously exaggerating, but there is an element of truth in the observation. One has tremendously the feeling that it is running on its own momentum. Nothing new is coming into it. It is just as it was. At Scarborough I watched with a kind of frozen fascination the cast of face I had known since childhood, the very same clothes (especially female), the self-same expression of defiant good intentions. There they all were; there was the 'Movement', as it had been, must be, and would be for evermore.

Like Noncomformity (from which it is to a great extent derived), the Labour Party might easily just wither away, not through any specific deficiencies of its own, but because the circumstances out of which it arose had totally changed. The proposition on which it is based – that human societies can indefinitely be made more humane and equitable without any drastic change in their character – might lose (perhaps to a great extent has already lost) its mass appeal. It was a luxury proposition anyway, dependent for its practicality on the wealth of a capitalist and imperialist Britain. This is why there has never been an effective Labour Party in an Asian or African country. In Scarborough bars and lounges there has been much talk about new ideas and more dynamic leadership. Yes, I thought to myself, but what if the old basic doctrine is itself exhausted, however and by whomever expounded? Plump as well as hungry sheep can look up and not be fed. A grisly thought occurred to me – the ghost of Ramsay MacDonald still haunts the Labour Party's deliberations, but now in the person of Harold Macmillan.

* * *

I was particularly delighted to see all the good reviews of the second volume of Claud Cockburn's autobiography. The last paragraph in the *Times Literary Supplement* review, he writes to me, 'is so fine that I have cut it out to paste on my hat so that in future people in, say, railway carriages will know at once what class of man they are being privileged to stare at'. Despite now nine months in bed in a sanatorium his letters are as sparkling as ever. 'Though people outside imagine life in a hospital is peaceful and quiet', he points out, 'this by no means corresponds with the facts, which are an unending procession of doctors, occupational therapists, government statisticians trying to straighten out the death-rate, priests – Catholic and Protestant – ticket sellers for a lottery to help rehabilitate ex-TB sufferers, men from the Legion of Mary who are acquiring merit by visiting 350 patients every Sunday to tell them it's raining, and drunks from the City who have made the visit an excuse for a pub-crawl and will go back staggering and vomiting to their wives telling them their condition is due to the shock of seeing stark realities of disease at first hand'. He goes on to describe how one of his nurses 'has just rushed in to ask me do I for God's sake know which side the appendix is on, because hasn't she a frightful pain in her left groin'. Claud reassured her by telling her that it was on the right, and then maliciously suggested that sometimes doctors cure people. 'Only,' the nurse replied, 'if it's their own cousin, or maybe a man they want a loan off if they'll keep him alive.'

Malcolm Muggeridge

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I can stand doses of the insane poetry you occasionally print, but the photograph, in your number of 12 September, of a child picking its nose, as a front-page illustration, is beyond the limit.—Letter in *Times Literary Supplement*. (J. Coleman.)

Whatever provocation a man may receive—and I understand how much you received—it is no excuse for taking a gun and shooting four times at the man and killing him. That sort of conduct is to be severely discouraged.—Judicial summing-up reported in *The Times*. (E. Rudd.)

I can't understand how it is that Englishwomen keep on getting themselves locked up in Spain. When I was there, I thought the policemen were wonderful, so helpful, so courteous And they wore such elegant hats. I never had cause to argue with, or to hit, one of them.—Letter in *News Chronicle*. (J. T. Griffin.)

It is stated that Sceptre needs 'rough, tough weather to be at her best'. How typical that is of the British character! It is evident in every walk in life—notably in time of war.—Letter in *Daily Mail*. (G. T. Brookfield.)

Don't Look Round

'He refused—in public at any rate—to criticise American policy in the Far East. Mr Macmillan said that this would only play into the hands of the Communist world and prove to them that there was a split in the West.' (*Daily Herald*.)

I address my fellow-Staggerers on the eight-thirty
With Top People Times-serving all round them,
looking duodenal and stuffed-shirty:
Don't look round at present. The gink on your
right is
Possibly wearing a kind of dressing-gown and six
embroidered nighties
Or a Russian shirt (with snow on his boots). Be
careful:
Accidentally prod him—apologise—get a good
stare-full.

If he spits on the floor, reads *The Times* upside
down or does anything equally horrid, or
Has fastened the bottom button of his waistcoat,
step into the corridor
Because what I have to say to you is a Top
Priority Secret
And we can't afford leakage, or even a little
leakrette.

I must explain to you, now you are alone in the
toilet
(A non-U-phemism of our rolling stock, so inept
that I would hate to spoil it)
That the Premier has confided to the TUC chiefs
(who have confided it to the *Daily Herald*
Which has confided it to me) that Anglo-Amer-
ican relations would be imperilled
If the Commies got to know that really we are
still no closer
To agreement on Formosa.

You get me? Well, when you return, just talk
about prices
And markets and that sort of thing, then work
round to the Crisis,
When you might shoot a line on Quemoy,
Such as 'Pretty good show, what? I mean about
Dulles, old Boy'.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Short Talk with a Fascist Beast

It is a normal evening at the coffee-bar where I'm in the habit of dropping by. The kids are jiving and punching each other around in the juke-box room, an amateur rock-and-roll session is in violent practice upstairs somewhere, and some of us are gathered at the counter sucking Pepsi-Cola through straws. Through the big front window we can see a few of the boys horsing around on their hire-purchased motorbikes. Fat, moonfaced Dave walks in and asks us if we want a ride on his bike and we say no, we'll hang around a while.

Len buys Ginger and Dave and me Pepsis. He's on casual work now, he says, after quitting a warehouse where he moved fridges. 'Keep on casual till they nick me,' he says. I tell Len that I've heard he was up at Notting Hill during the troubles. 'Yeah,' Len replies, 'three nights all in a row'. He is stating a fact, not boasting. 'What were you doing up there?' I ask. 'Hittin' the nigs,' he says.

Dave, off his motorbike, offers that he spent only a single night 'huntin' nigs'. Ginger, who resembles Jimmy Dean and likes being told about it, says, 'Nah, that wasn't the way—all in a mob. Coppers see you. Thing to do, three, four of us, down a side street at night, in a fast car, jump out, do a nig, jump in. That way you can do a dozen blackies a night.'

Len is a lanky, shamble-shouldered bleach-haired boy, with a tall thin blond face and small blank eyes and virtually no upper eyelids. I ask Len if he enjoyed himself during the riots. He says, 'Sure.' I ask him what he did. 'Hit nigs,' he says and shrugs. Did many boys from the café go with him? No, not many. 'It was the Fascists done the work up there,' Len says. How is he so sure? 'I drove around, first night, in a jeep with one of them. A reporter from one of the newspapers gets out of his car and asks us what the trouble is. This Fascist smashed him square in the face, 'e did. Reporter got back in his car and rolled up all the windows.' Dave and Ginger say they chased a few coloured men without much success.

Dave says that his high point came when he led a mob of teen-agers to St Mark's Crescent and pointed a milk bottle at a coloured house. Ginger has no individual exploits to his credit. He wears a brightly coloured Palm Beach shirt and talks like an American radio comedian. He doesn't tell jokes, just maintains a patter of small, pseudo-ironical remarks. They listen while Len speaks of the Fascists. He says that, contrary to public belief, the Fascists still wear the black shirt with the silver lightning insignia. Is he a member of the Union Movement himself? With a quick dart of the long blond head he says no, not a member, only a follower. 'Fascists was active before all the troubles,' he says, 'and now they're gettin' lots of members. Brown shirts started that way, didn't they? I mean, it don't mean just because you start out small that you some day won't be over the whole country, does it?' Dave and Ginger remain neutral in the face of ideology. What Len was doing at Notting Hill was fine with them, but not when he wants to do it in uniform.

I ask Len if it is the uniform that attracts him. He says no, not particularly, it is what the Fascists stand for. 'Riddin' Britain of the nigs,' he says. When I ask him what he has against the 'nigs', Dave and Ginger chime in eagerly. It isn't so much the Indians and Africans they mind. It's the Jamaicans, their word for all West Indians.

Dave says, 'Y'know, when I went in for my national assistance, all they'd give me was two quid after an argument. Crazy Jamaican after me comes out with seven.' How did the Jamaican manage this? Dave says the Jamaican claimed a family back in the islands. Ginger says, 'They come here and they use all our money, lower our standards, that's what they do'. 'Darkies live on two quid a week', says Ginger, 'eatin' cat food. It's the truth. I seen 'em.' 'Live like pigs', says Dave.

Len adds, 'An' the way they all walk around, they got no respect. The clothes they wear. I seen one last night, suit the colour of milk, milk mind you, black shoes with a green tassle, and with a girl.' Was the girl white? Len nods. He says, 'Ever see the pants they wear? Big and wide up here, tiny and little at the bottom. Why do they have to dress that way? Crazy pants.' His own trousers are drain-pipe, of a grey tweed material I am not familiar with. Ten minutes later he is to tell me that he had to sleep at a friend's house a week ago because of a row with his old lady over his trousers.

It boils down to this: the West Indians live too high and live like pigs. When I ask them if they do not see a contradiction in this, Len with the plodding seriousness that is characteristic, says sincerely, after a little confused thought, 'They live in dirt in private and like kings the rest of the time'. He says he used to live in Notting Hill but that a coloured man bought the house and threw them out.

'The coppers,' says Len, 'they was all on the side of the blackies.' Dave and Ginger nod vigorously. I say that the coloured people I have spoken to claim differently. 'Cor,' exclaims Ginger, 'see what we mean? Liars all, the blacks. Can't trust any of 'em.' Do they know any coloured people personally? Vague replies. Len grins slyly, more animation than I usually get from him. 'Yeah, I knew one,' he says. 'Hit him over the head with my shovel.' It happened three weeks ago, at work. 'See what I mean?' says Len. 'I was working on this building site. Driving a dump truck. I got sick, y'know. Out two days. While I was gone this blackie tells the boss he can drive a truck too. When I comes back there he is in my cab. I tell him to get down out of my truck and he says no he won't. So me and my mates pull him down and I hit him over the head with my shovel.'

Ginger says, 'What are you gonna do with people who come to take your jobs? How much you willin' to work for, Len?' Len says, 12, 14 quid a week. 'No,' says Ginger, 'I mean, how much *would* you work for?' Len says staunchly, 'I'd work for eight quid.' 'See,' says Ginger. 'Guv'nor knows Len won't work for less than eight, a blackie'll come along who says "six" and he's the one who gets the job.' Len, Dave and Ginger all left school at 15. They are 18 now. Len is a casual labourer, Dave a public service worker, while Ginger is an assistant to a skilled craftsman.

Dave says, 'Four years.' Ginger says, 'Four almighty years.' Len says, 'Four years is a long time.' The boys are genuinely in awe. Len snaps out of it. 'Four bloody years for *that*? Salmon, that Yid.' When the boys talk it is with a peculiar, rushing, staccato tempo which is the trademark of their group. Dave and Ginger swear the West Indians are lazy, and that the 'guv'nors' prefer them to native-born Englishmen; that they live on nothing a week, and spend all their money on offensive hedonisms, and are worse than savages.

Do they resent the West Indians fighting back? 'Bloody well do,' says Dave. 'What right they got comin' to this country, anyway? We get the worst types.' All agree that the coloured immigrants ought to be returned to their source, but if they are not, to serve docilely as fair game for mobs.

Len says, 'On the second day I got me a few. Fell in with this crowd chasing nigs. We saw a nigger conductor on a trolley bus. We chased it. All the people in the bus ran out. But I didn't get to the nig. The mob was in there before me.' I asked Len if he was disappointed. He nods sadly. 'That's all right,' he says. 'Later on, on the corner there was this gang, and they was kicking this blackie on the ground. I ran up and got a few kicks in too.' I asked him if he thought this was fair. 'Yeah, it was fair,' he says. Dave and Ginger leave for a ride on Dave's motorbike. Len and I watch them roar away.

'I hate the niggers,' says Len complacently. I ask him if Mr Justice Salmon's decision will affect his street activities. 'Four years,' Len muses, 'four years is a long time. Nah, I ain't goin' to go in the nick for any nigger.' He says that after the Old Bailey sentences he stopped carrying a flick knife. 'I used to have a gun too,' he says. 'But not now. You know, those coppers at Notting Hill. They'd see us lacing a blackie and they'd stand off, just watchin' us, y'know, and then when we was through they'd come charging through and frisk us for knives, things like that. You had a weapon they'd take you away. But first they'd just stand there and watch.' Even more than Mr Justice Salmon's sentences he resented chasing after a coloured man with a mob, only to be peppered with milk bottles by West Indians on a roof-top. It infuriates him to see coloured men fight back.

'That's why I'm with the Fascists,' he says. 'They're against the blacks. That Salmon, he's a Communist. The Labour Party is Communist too. Like the unions.' His mother and father, he says, are strict Labour supporters. Is he against the Labour Party? 'Nah, I'm for them. They're for y'know – us. I'm for the unions too.' Even though they were dominated by Communists? 'Sure,' he says. 'I like the Communist Party. It's powerful, like.' How can he be for the Communists when the Fascists hate them?

Len says, 'Well, y'know, I'm for the Fascists when they're against the nigs. But the Fascists is really for the rich people y'know, like the Tories. All for the guv'nors, people like that. But the Communists are very powerful.' I told him the Communist Party of Britain was quite small.

'But,' he says, 'they got Russia behind them.' His voice is full of marvel. 'I admire Russia. Y'know, the people. They're peaceful. They're strong. When they say they'll do a thing, they do it. Not like us. Makes you think: they got a weapon over there can wipe us all out, with one wave of a general's arm. Destroy us completely and totally. Honest, those Russians. When they say they'll do a thing, they do it. Like in Hungary. I pity those people, the Hungarians. But did you see the Russians went in and stopped them. Tanks. Not like us in Cyprus. Our soldiers get shot in the back and what do we do? The Communists is for the small man.'

Dave and Ginger come back in time to hear Len say, 'Them Royals. I'd like to murder them.' Dave and Ginger are profoundly shocked. Dave puts in, 'Nah, why d'you want to say that, Len?' 'Yeah,' says Ginger, 'the Queen's O.K.' Before Len can reply, they quickly wander off to the men's room. They cannot bear to hear Len's reasons. Len puts it to me: 'Would you like havin' all that royalty? Usin' up our money for polo and yachts and goin' around just doin' nothing. It's all for show. We don't need them.' I ask Len if he thinks it will be quiet now at Notting Hill. 'Yeah,' he says, 'it's all over.' A moment later he says, 'As long as the nigs stay there'll be trouble.' Will he be one of the ones to make it? 'No,' he says. 'Well, maybe, you never can tell. Why can't they be just like the Paddies. Just come here and work. They're good workers, those Paddies.'

It's warm in the café, and Len and I stand outside the doorway. I tell Len I hear he writes plays. He smiles shyly. 'Just two,' he says. 'Second one ain't finished. I . . .' he shrugs, 'trouble is . . . I can't write. It's hard, like.' He is embarrassed. I say that I would like to see one of his plays. He goes into the café and comes out bearing a manuscript. It is crudely typed and enclosed in professional folder-covers. 'I paid to have that done,' he says.

On the street corner, in the glow of the lamp, I read the play. It is about an English pilot who crash-lands his plane in the jungle. Aboard are a judge, a movie star, a headmaster, a company director and a policeman. It becomes necessary for them to eat one another for survival. Only the pilot survives, a young, almost teen-age pilot. When he gets back to England he must stand trial for manslaughter, a martyr. Most of the play is concerned with the pilot conducting his own defence and explaining why he found it necessary to eat parts of the judge, the movie star, the headmaster, the company director and the policeman.

CLANCY SIGAL

The New Tenant

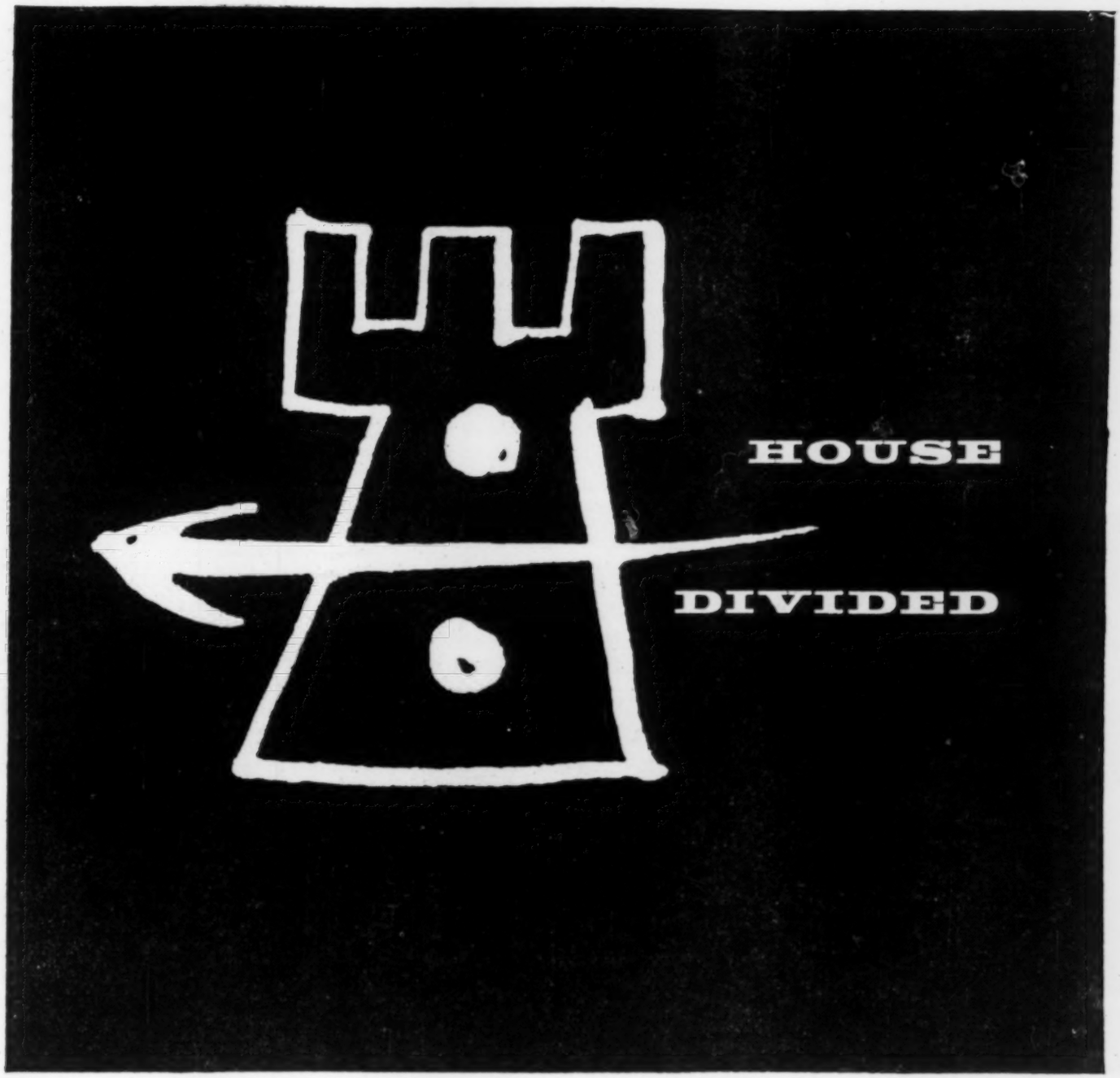
THE young woman sitting before me – orange hair and a too-pink Modigliani face – could not control the trembling of her lips. Since she had begun to tell her story, she had twisted one of her coat-buttons almost off. I wished that Mr Henry Brooke could see her – and all the other twisters-off of buttons and screwers-up of bits of paper who are in the same predicament. For they are his responsibility. In Rent Act language they are new tenants under notice to quit unfurnished rooms.

It is a common and comforting belief that all tenants menaced by eviction as a direct result of the Act will soon be able to go to the county courts to beg for a reprieve. But this is a delusion. Mr. Brooke bestowed a right of appeal only upon the October tenants; and there can seldom have been a more curious discrimination. For what the Minister has, in effect, decided is that where property is decontrolled because it is highly rated, the tenant may appeal against eviction; but where it is decontrolled merely because it has been rented by an incoming tenant after a certain date – 6 July last year – that tenant shall have no appeal, and shall be entitled to no more than one month's notice to quit instead of the six months (plus possible extensions) allowed in the former case.

This is both irrational in theory and crazy in its largely unforeseen effects. In one dingy little house, for instance, the ground-floor family pays controlled rent and is properly protected against eviction, whereas the new tenant overhead pays three times more and is totally unprotected. Again, the landlord can only raise the downstairs rent provided he does the repairs, but he needn't do any upstairs, and can raise the rent at will. The accommodation occupied by each family is identical – so both conclude that something is wrong in the Minister's own top storey.

By another odious comparison, people whose new tenancies are unprotected by agreements and whose landlords supply no services such as hot water, are now in a worse position than the wretched inhabitants of low-rated furnished rooms. For when notice threatens or the rent is raised, the new tenant cannot rush for shelter to a rent tribunal in the certainty of getting at least three months' security of tenure. Yet he has much more to lose than his furnished neighbour. If he has nowhere to go, he will have to think about the storage or sale of his furniture – a problem complicated by the fact that his hire-purchase agreement strictly forbids both. If he has foolishly regarded his rooms as his home, he has probably spent a great deal on paint and wallpaper, on a better stove and a deeper sink, and on a whole variety of unexpected repairs. But – to crown all – if, at the expiry of his notice, his landlord is minded to dump him and his belongings on the pavement, there is nothing whatever to stop him. Mr Brooke has not seen fit to make this treatment illegal in such cases, though he has lately done so for the October tenants.

The only defence offered for these rather striking anomalies is that no landlord would want to get rid of a good tenant. Where the landlord does not live on the premises, and doesn't suddenly want the rooms for a friend, or is not tempted by the thought of another juicy premium, this may be done – and often is. But one of the Act's purposes was to induce people in houses too big for them to let unfurnished rooms; and that is where most of the new accommodation, such as it is, is coming from. Letting in one's own



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house is, of course, an exquisite form of torture which no one but a saint or a masochist would invite unless under violent financial pressure; and it is only fair that such landlords should be able, with reasonable notice, to rid themselves of pestilent tenants. But the truth is that, equipped by the Act with absolute power, they are ridding themselves of tenants whom the law would regard as absolutely blameless, and exploiting them into the bargain.

The young woman with the orange hair, for example, was so grateful for two rooms in her landlord's house, that she did not complain at all when he charged her its full rent minus threepence—which he apparently considered his fair share—and she undertook to do his shopping and his housework. But he stayed in bed rather late in the mornings, and her baby woke early and sometimes cried. That was all there was to it.

Babies have never made good tenants; and, in another case, notice was given because a child was in the habit of rocking itself to sleep, as this could be heard through the ceiling. But childlessness is no guarantee to security either. A newly married couple, out all day to work, were not allowed any visitors in the evenings because their landlady, who kept all her doors open for fear of fire, was disturbed by the sound of conversation. She also objected to the sound of the refrigerator door being opened and shut, and to the whirr of the husband's electric razor. Unable to achieve absolute silence, the young tenants had to go—leaving improvements worth £40 as a compulsory parting present.

One might think that landlords so vulnerable to noise and so corrupted by power—for these, like so many others, also refused both rent books and latch keys—would soon be left without tenants. But with unfurnished rooms much scarcer than rubies, with milkmen and undertakers paid to spot them, there is not the least danger of that. The real dangers are far more serious and far-reaching. Already more and more unsuspecting families are finding themselves homeless; while many who ask advice before moving from controlled tenancies are naturally deciding not to. Obviously, then, this form of decontrol will operate strongly to restrict the mobility of labour, to prevent people freeing themselves from dependence on the housing authorities, and—much more important—to limit health and happiness. A controlled tenancy may consist of one vile room, smelling of compressed humanity, of damp washing, of slops in buckets, and with children sharing a bed with their parents. Yet escape into better accommodation in someone else's house can only mean living in a state of constant and damaging fear. That fear could be enormously relieved by the granting of six months' notice to quit—or even three. But how to convey its intensity to those who direct our lives by remote control and who have not seen those agonised scrabbling hands which seem to be clutching at non-existent straws?

Mr Brooke is attempting to create a free market in accommodation at a time when there is not enough free accommodation for fair trading. It was only in the face of sustained public criticism, some of it from his own party, that he made concessions for the October tenants. But whereas they are still in the frying pan, the new tenants have been popped direct in the fire.

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Opium Smoking in Kowloon

THE first time I smoked opium was with Hank, the American news-film photographer, in Kowloon Walled City in Hong Kong. Hank had all his cameras with him; and an interpreter who asked first in a whisper, then in a loud voice, in Cantonese, wouldn't somebody, anybody sitting round in the street please be good enough to tell him where he could find some opium for the rich foreigners? There was plenty of opium about, we could smell it, a rich, rather pleasant and homely smell like overdone cinnamon toast for tea. But most people didn't want to tell us anything because of Hank's cameras.

Hank's cameras, although the interpreter shouted that they were not, might have been police cameras. Hong Kong is a British colony, and smoking opium is as illegal there as it is in Britain, only a lot more people do it. But in Hong Kong itself they do it very carefully, and mostly only in private houses. Kowloon Walled City is a little different.

Kowloon is the industrial suburb of Hong Kong with 30 miles of farming country between it and the Chinese border. The Walled City is in the middle of the rest of Kowloon and ten minutes bus ride in double-decked, scarlet London buses from the harbour. But it is unlike anywhere else in the colony. It was the old city of Kowloon—there when the British first leased the New Territories, across from the original island of Hong Kong, in 1898. The country and villages all round the Walled City became British on a 99-year lease, but the city itself was to remain Chinese territory as long as the Chinese in the city behaved themselves. In a few months the British said the Chinese were not behaving themselves, and we took over the city. But successive Chinese governments have never agreed that we had any right to do this, and both the Kuomintang and the present Communists nudge us about our imperialist usurpations when they want to tease the Hong Kong government.

The result is that the Hong Kong government is shy about the city. Uniformed police do not generally go in there, and most laws are not strictly enforced. The laws you are most conscious of as not being enforced are the colony's sanitary regulations. After the broad, fairly clean streets of the Kowloon markets round the city, the city itself is filthy. The streets are so narrow that in the main ones you can stretch out your hands and touch the house walls on either side, and in the alleys you walk sideways, or move backwards in front of men carrying shoulder-yoked pails of night soil. All the streets have gutters of mixed sewage and household muck running down them. In the main street the children play in the gutter, and the grown-ups sit outside on small stools, gossiping, spitting, cleaning the vegetables for their evening meal, or just staring.

It was these people our interpreter asked about opium. After a while, a small, very thin man came up and said in English that he was from San Francisco, and he could arrange everything for us very quickly, very cheaply. Did we want to see a blue film, he said, a girlie show, or perhaps we wanted to eat dog? He meant this literally; the stew made from six-month-old Chow puppies, according to the traditional Chinese recipe, is one of the main reasons why ordinary Chinese go into the Walled City. It used to be a perfectly respectable dish in all good Hong Kong restaurants, until one day the wife of the English governor heard about it, and badgered her husband until he had dog-eating made illegal in the colony.

We said the only thing we wanted to do was to smoke opium. So the man from San Francisco, who now said his name was Joe, took us off the main street to a corner with a dentist's sign above it. He knocked at the door and took us upstairs. The smoking-room was like the others I saw later, furnished with wooden bunks built close together one above the other, and crowded with a lot of poorish-looking men, most of them gossiping gently with each other and a few reading Chinese newspapers. The atmosphere was like an eccentrically furnished and scented club.

Joe turned everybody out before we could stop him and opened a window, because, he said, the place needed some fresh air. But Hank wanted to film actual opium smoking, and he asked me to smoke a pipe or so for him. Joe showed me how to put a small wooden pillow under my neck so that I was propped up on the bunk. We were given a small pill-box of brown, ointment-like, opium, and Joe forced a little of it into the bowl of a miniature pipe, which I had to hold over a spirit lamp until the opium bubbled and almost melted, and then draw the smoke into my lungs in quick puffs. It was difficult to manage at first, and after I had tried four pipes, Joe took over and finished the pill-box while Hank took his film. Opium, Joe said, was not at all a good habit, but it was his habit—and his reason for leaving San Francisco. Opium, he said, had been too expensive there, ten American dollars a pipe.

In the Walled City it was very cheap. After we had finished our pill-box, we gave the man who kept the smoking-room five Hong Kong dollars (about seven shillings and sixpence) because we had disturbed his customers. These men were

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ANTOINETTE PIRIE

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regulars who dropped in most evenings for two, three, or four pipes, paying a few Hong Kong cents a week. The smoking-room keeper's main expense, he said, was the 87 dollars he paid the Hong Kong police every month. It was too much, he said; the police had wolf-hearts. He bought his opium with, he said, no trouble at all from what was smuggled into the colony. It was not, Joe said afterwards, very good opium, probably Indian grown. In fact he thought this particular smoking-house keeper mixed it with horse dung to make it go further. But anyway good opium, smuggled in from Laos and Upper Thailand, is much more difficult to get, more expensive, and mostly smoked by wealthy and fastidious men giving business parties.

Later I went back to the Walled City about four times with people who wanted to see the smoking dens. We went to different places each time, and the only time there was any difficulty about finding a place to go was when we took a Hong Kong Englishman who spoke Cantonese and wore knee-length woollen socks and white shorts. Americans and most Chinese in hot climates wear long linen trousers. Everybody in the Walled City thought the Englishman must be a police spy, and nobody would show us a smoking place until he went away.

I found that opium always had the same, most pleasant effect on me. I felt enormously self confident, very happy (like the pleasantest effects of drink) and then very hungry. I never felt at all dreamy or as if I were seeing visions, but I did feel after four pipes that I was walking six inches above the ground, and I found unexpected beauty in the rush of the Kowloon traffic. The hunger never failed, and I think the enormous Chinese meals I used to eat after smoking accounted for the one time I felt slightly sick four hours later.

It is nearly two years since I last smoked, and I never felt any particular craving for opium. But if somebody offered me a pipe now, I would just as soon spend a free evening smoking as reading a woman's magazine or going to the cinema. It can, I know, be a dangerous habit. Joe, like other strongly addicted opium smokers, was so thin that his clothes seemed to be falling off him, and smoking left him, not hungry as it left me, but unwilling and unable to eat. Another Chinese I knew in Hong Kong – American and British educated – had to get up at seven o'clock in the morning if he had a lunch engagement. He could not begin work or talk to people until he had his five hours of opium smoking first. Other opium-smokers leave their jobs and spend all the money they have on their drug. Both Singapore and Hong Kong have private temples, as well as the official British-run cures and prison hospitals, where Chinese addicts can go for a voluntary cure.

On the other hand the club I stayed at in Hong Kong had an old reporter living there who could not keep his lunch engagements unless he started drinking whisky at 8 o'clock in the morning – and whisky is much more expensive than opium and also seems to have a more unpleasant effect on its addicts. Also more than half my friends cannot work unless they can smoke at the same time. Opium, so the Chinese told me, does not excite people to crime, or to beat their wives or to shout. Moreover, so the educated opium addict I knew said, it does not give people lung cancer.

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Love One Another and Die

In his great play, *Long Day's Journey into Night* (which I strongly urge no one to miss seeing at the Globe Theatre) Eugene O'Neill drops a massive depth charge into the foundations of one of the great sociological myths of our times – the family as a beneficent institution. Here in three concentrated hours is family life, naked and unaccommodated, the thing itself. It is hell; and it is hell not because of the hate this family, of mother, father and two sons, have for each other – that is healthy enough. It is hell because of their love. It is love that makes their little world go round, round and round and round in a destructive and unbreakable circle. If it weren't for love, they would have long ago split up, and given themselves four different, if slight, chances of making something of their separate lives. Instead, they have one collective and certain chance of misery, and hang together, battening off one another.

Granted theirs is an extreme case. They have more cause for hate than most: hate of each other and of themselves. The father was once a successful, perhaps might even have been a great, actor. But a popular vehicle made him so much money season by season, that he stopped developing himself, and settled down to coining cash instead. His own experience as a child – he was in a factory at ten years old – has made him a miser and they can all blame their troubles on this miserliness. Anyhow they do. A cheapskate doctor he employed to save a few dollars gave his wife, Mary, morphine to ease her pains after delivering her youngest son, Edmund, and she has become an addict. Now the father is up to the same tricks again. This son Edmund is threatened with consumption and the father is palming him off with a cheap sanatorium. Quite why the eldest son has become a whoring drunkard is less clear, though he attributes it partly to his father's forcing him into the same profession. But why at 34 he is still in the family nest is clear – just family love.

It strikes, this love hook, after every quarrel. Just as you are thinking that this time the rage and hate between any two of them must explode into a parting, the hook grips and they are caught again. The pattern, as such patterns always are, is infinitely repetitive. But that does not mean that the play is repetitious. It is true that it suffers a little from the inevitable faults of autobiographical writing. Things which might have been omitted or truncated are left in because they have some special, personal meaning for the writer. But the development of the play is an inner development of self-revelation. Each outburst takes us a little farther into the soul of and the past of each character, until by the end they are stretched out bare before us – bare and complete.

Complete, that is to say, from their own point of view. This is not after all a psychological study bent on giving the explanations. As explanations, indeed, the excuses each of them offers will hardly wash. What has made them what they are lies deeper than any causes they bring up. Experts on child guidance could doubtless point out any number of more important factors that they had overlooked. But they supply for themselves quite enough to be going on with, quite enough and to spare for the ghastly game of recrimination in which they are perpetually engaged. Hate and love, love and hate – they are brought into a never-ending, ceaseless death grapple, and the psychologists are right about one thing. Love is quite the most potent force of all: it never lets go.

An English cast necessarily have a hard time of it with a ruthlessly realistic American play, and even comparative success must be accounted something of a triumph. Mr Alan Bates plays the younger son (who is O'Neill himself) with a rough tenderness, a deep bitterness and a smouldering passion that is just right. Mr Ian Bannen takes the difficult part of the wastrel elder son, and it is enough to say that one cannot imagine a drunk scene, such as the long one he has to play in the last act, played more truthfully and freshly without any stage clichés in it; indeed this absence of acting clichés which marks out both him and Mr Bates is something notable and new among our best young actors and actresses. Not a hint of cliché either in Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies's superb portrait of the dopey mother. This is an acting triumph to set alongside Miss Margaret Leighton's Rose Fish in *Variation on a Theme*. The terrifying detachment of the addict is as deeply moving as her sudden glimpses of reality.

I do not understand why producer (José Quintero) and actor (Anthony Quayle) have decided to play the old actor's part in such a low key. Mr Quayle is, of course, perfectly capable of giving us the full treatment of rant, if that is what is wanted. And surely that is just what is wanted here. James Tyrone was – at least in the young O'Neill's eyes – a ham if ever there was one and many passages – and his self-revelation above all – would gain tremendously in effect, if that's what we had seen him as. By deliberately refusing to give us this, they have weakened not

strengthened the play, in pursuit, I suspect, of some high-minded but false idea about realism and realistic acting. There are other points in the play where a similar use of the brakes detracts from the impact.

Mr T. S. Eliot's *The Elder Statesman* comes to the Cambridge in much better shape than when we saw it at Edinburgh. All the actors have settled into their parts and I warmly recommend it. It is a most distinguished, interesting and amusing play.

T. C. WORSLEY

The Season Begins

WITH the end of the Proms, Covent Garden's annual *Ring* under Rudolf Kempe, and the opening of various orchestral series at the Festival Hall, the autumn musical season is by now fairly launched. It promises one or two novel features, besides a crystallization of elements already discernible in previous years: notably, a tendency for concert series to diverge into the wholly safe on the one hand and the wholly adventurous on the other, instead of leavening the old with the new in the more traditional manner. Thus, we find the Philharmonia, for the second successive year, putting on a virtually complete Beethoven cycle under Klemperer: a highly profitable scheme no doubt, but one which quietly ignores Dr Klemperer's Berlin record as one of the most notable of all advocates of modern music. The LSO has begun its season with a similar all-Brahms series under Josef Krips; so it is fortunate for our reputation that both the BBC (who announce an important all-Stravinsky concert under the composer on December 10th) and the LPO show a more enterprising mood.

The energetic William Steinberg has taken over direction of the LPO for the current season; and, along with a Sunday night series composed of standard 'Masterworks', this orchestra offers us a well-planned chronological sequence of seven Tuesday concerts under the generic title 'Music of the 20th Century'; one concert is devoted to each decade except the 1940s, which for some reason are deemed worthy of two. Experience shows that the public is more readily attracted by such a schematic approach than by isolated experiments; and it is encouraging to know that this series, like Mr Pritchard's more daring 'Musica Viva' series in Liverpool, is drawing good houses, with a high proportion of young concert-goers. The first of Mr Pritchard's programmes, together with his very clear introductory talk with orchestral illustrations, but without the subsequent discussion, has been broadcast; it included Schönberg's *Variations* and Milhaud's *Création du Monde* (both down for performance by the LPO) as well as a new work by Iain Hamilton. This was a brief *Sonata for Chamber Orchestra*, a carefully, even meticulously, constructed piece, whose slight thematic content made it seem more like an exercise in the deployment of sonorities than a necessary personal utterance.

In the operatic sphere something strange and characteristically English has happened: as on some famous occasions in our history, victory (or a fair prospect of victory) has been snatched from the jaws of defeat. It is only seven months since Sadler's Wells narrowly escaped disintegration; it is still less since the Carl Rosa fuss made us cry, 'Why do the Trustees so furiously rage together?'. By now it has become as plain to most people as to the Arts Council that the old guard of the Carl Rosa were indeed 'imagining a vain thing' if they supposed that the *status quo*, minus Professor

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Procter-Gregg, would be an acceptable solution of the difficult problem of touring opera. Meanwhile, Sadler's Wells has scored an immense popular success with its *Merry Widow* production at the Coliseum; and this success has suddenly enabled those astute men, Mr Norman Tucker and Mr James Smith, to expand the scope of Sadler's Wells into two permanent companies, presenting operettas for a run during long seasons at the Coliseum, while also continuing the regular progressive policy at Sadler's Wells itself, and taking both opera and operetta to the provinces for six months in every year. There is everything to be gained from the incorporation of opera and operetta (as in many continental countries) within the same repertory; ingrained prejudices will be broken down, new blood will flow into the audiences, and from 1961 (when the copyright expires) the Gilbert and Sullivan operas can be mounted by Sadler's Wells with the musical care and scenic distinction to which they are entitled. If all this were to mean even a partial neglect of the purely operatic repertory, the musical loss would outweigh the gain; but the record of new productions at Sadler's Wells since the war, coupled with the fact that the company remains under the same direction, should be enough to reassure us on that score: it is common knowledge that only a desperate shortage of funds has prevented Mr Tucker from many desirable enterprises, some of which he may now hope to achieve.

At Covent Garden the solid satisfaction given by the now traditional Kempe *Ring* has been accompanied by some doubts about this conductor's general approach to the huge canvas: each year – unless it is our imagination – he seems to reduce the scale on which he works; and, while it is certainly a relief to be spared the exhausting perpetual climaxes of the typical mediocre Wagner conductor, there are also times when we long for the surge of passion and of physical energy to be made more explicit. In Hunding's curious open-air hut the temperature remained obstinately low. Despite intelligent and sensitive singing from Jon Vickers as Siegmund, the incestuous love of the Volsung pair seemed as respectable as the affairs of some blameless couple in Trollope, and when Mrs Proudie-Fricka (Maria von Ilosvay) began to harangue Bishop Wotan (Hans Hotter) she scarcely seemed to have a case. In the event, however, this second act proved to be the most impressive part of the *Walküre* performance: Hotter, in better voice than of late, made a wonderful thing of the deep dejection of his long narrative, while Astrid Varnay's Brünnhilde, though vocally harsh, was dramatically gripping. Except for some want of rhythmic exuberance, the first two acts of *Siegfried* were highly successful, with Windgassen in beautifully clear voice as the hero and Peter Klein repeating his brilliant study of Mime. But, with all its merits, the Covent Garden *Ring* is becoming a little too stereotyped for its own good: even in the days when Walter and Olczewska and Schorr were available each year, it did one good to hear Furtwängler or Onegin or Bockelmann for a change.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Autumn, 1958

D. N. Pritt, Q.C.

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BERNARD HANISON,
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Maria Stuart

THERE was something unnerving about doing *Mary Stuart* at the Old Vic. How to create Elizabeth and Mary and Leicester, interpreted through German Romantic eyes? Apart from Mary and Elizabeth, the characters are not in the round. They seem embossed, and where they bulge, one imagines at the back, the hollow. All the same, there is grandeur in the consistency and involvements of the frieze-like, processional structure, and Schiller's mind has wonderful lucidity, nobility and sympathy, which are everywhere at work. Beyond the drama, one discerns a historic imagination which one respects as soon as one has dismissed crude objections to Schiller's notorious errors. There is a vision of the role of necessity in history, and a horror of the corruption of power, and these are relevant to a contemporary audience. Then – in spite of the cry 'this is not poetry' – has not totally unambiguous, intellectual yet unobscure, rhythmic language, a lesson which poets today might pay heed to?

All the same, the snags are tremendous: Schiller's conscientious need to state every fact relevant to an argument; the nineteenth-century tombstone effects of Mary's massive self-dramatisation; and the conscious nobility which scores a hundred marks out of a hundred in the last act. Here Schiller tends to approach Mary as though she were taking an examination paper on How-to-die - without - a - stain - if - you - have - murdered - your-husband. All that is unnerving. On the other hand, this is a marvellous vehicle, because the two chief actresses can, out of very coherent material, carve their masks – Elizabeth's depraved royal mask, Mary's death mask.

The most striking thing about the Düsseldorf performance, to someone involved in the English one, was its German-ness, showing, too, how English the Old Vic one had become in the course of production. At Sadler's Wells one leaped across a gulf back to the English image as seen through German eyes. One observed that every touch of make-up on an English lady or lord had a German accent. The English actor acting Schiller anglicized has to put the utmost effort into being English; the German actor can remain Germanic. Yet at Sadler's Wells the audience was inevitably conscious of the foreign-ness of this Paulet, genial as a beer barrel, this Leicester like a preliminary sketch for Dr. Goebbels. If we accept all this, then we can admire the extremely clear and assured lines of Maria Wimmer's Elizabeth, the glowing good faith of Heidmarie Hatheyer's Mary. Catherine Lacey had to think of the English Elizabeth, Miss Wimmer only of German Schiller's Elizabeth gliding within a whole tradition of grandiloquent performances at State theatres.

Several things which we had omitted from the English version seemed to me surprisingly to strengthen the argument in the German: notably Mary's vision of herself as the Queen who might reconcile in her twin crown the feuds of England and Scotland. The extreme clarity of the German diction has already been praised. This does not derive merely from the 'better speaking' of the German players, I think. It comes from a deeper cause. The English and American stage demonstrates today the view that the text is material for the production, the German theatre still clings to the view that the production serves the text. We speak what 'works' in terms of the production: they produce to underline the words.

As with the Stuttgart opera which I saw in Edinburgh, I do not think the costumes, scenery, and the very slow direction, helped the performers. But altogether this performance, with the opportunity it provided of comparison with the very different English one, was most instructive.

STEPHEN SPENDER

The Mechanical Nanny

COLLECTORS of sumptuously hollow pieces of fake sociology should on no account miss *Parents, Children and Television*, published last week for ITA by the Stationery Office. A happier pamphlet, written in prose more velvety, and proving less, would be hard to find.

Its appearance just now—or, indeed, at any time—must be puzzling to anyone unaware of certain recent uproars. Earlier in the year the Council for Children's Welfare made public the results of an inquiry it had been conducting into the effects of television on children. Seven hundred parents, all volunteers, had filled in the Council's questionnaires. It was not a comfortable report. Many of these parents were not at all happy about certain programmes—some to be seen during the hour specifically intended for children, some during the two hours or so that followed, when many children are still watching. ITV came out of it rather badly.

The Council were not the only inquirers. In Widnes a survey conducted in the schools produced some most alarming figures. It was discovered, for example, that sixty-five per cent. of children aged seven and eight were watching television between the hours of nine and ten. This on the children's own evidence.

Alarm was felt, then: not hysterical horror. Children do usefully widen their knowledge by watching television. But alarm: for clearly harm is occurring, as well as good. To some extent what is needed is a general campaign to convince parents that they must discriminate on behalf of their children: but it's also quite clear that certain programmes—especially on ITV—must be looked at again.

This is the battlefield upon which the ITA pamphlet rode out last week, a splendid suit of armour with nothing inside it. The purpose of the pamphlet is to deny that there is any reason to do battle at all. It is a report on an inquiry carried out for ITA during April and May this year. 'The parents interviewed,' we are told,

'were composed of three matched samples of 400 with both BBC and ITA services, 400 BBC only, and 400 without any television. . . . The parents were aged 30-49 with children aged 5-13.' A most delicate pseudo-detachment is evident from the start. 'Informants,' purrs the preface, 'were not told that the survey was especially related to television, but that it was concerned generally with children's leisure activities.' Nonetheless, 22 out of 29 questions were concerned with television.

The pamphlet is neatly arranged: we begin by reading a summary of the main findings that is, to say the least, a little too tender. We are told, for example, that 'a substantial majority of parents with television say that television has positively improved their children's social conduct'. When, however, we nosily glance at the actual figures, a dozen pages further on, we find that fifty-two per cent. of parents merely assented to the proposition that watching TV had made their children 'more sociable and friendly'. Twenty per cent., however, found that it made the children 'mentally lazy'; ten per cent. that it made them 'noisy and disobedient'; and as many as six per cent. that (one holds one's breath) it made their children 'violent and cruel'.

One wonders, after that, about the cheerful smiles in the preface. One puzzles too what on earth can it mean when one asks a parent (in the course of a pretty gruelling interview) whether television has made his children more 'sociable and friendly'? There are also questions the framing of which must make the most unscientific hair stand on end. For example: 'Supposing', parents were asked, 'your child had a couple of free hours, which would you prefer him to do: go to the pictures; watch television; read the newspaper; none of these?' The number of children giving to sitting down with a newspaper for two hours must have been minute and it is hardly surprising that only one per cent. wanted their children, in these hypothetical circumstances, to rush round to the Odeon. Thirty-one per cent. (ITA rubs its hands) would rather have them in front of the television – *why*, a table setting out their reasons makes clear: Fifty-one per cent. said they'd prefer their offspring to watch television because they would 'know where the child is, know he is safe'. This is not the only figure in the survey to suggest that in many homes the television set is a mechanical Nanny.

But in fact the whole pamphlet is a pointer to something disturbing in ITA's make-up: its refusal to let shadows pass across its face, in any form. Anyone who has argued with them about children's television, and about the general uncertainty of the effects of television on the young, will have come across this smooth brightness, this refusal to be worried. The Director-General of ITA, Sir Robert Fraser, has called television 'a cornucopia of innocent pleasures': and that is that. Children all over the country watching films about the exploits of the obscurer American criminals (because Mum knows where they are, and it isn't bedtime yet) must simply learn to be more broadmindedly innocent than usual.

No: this pamphlet is simply a tastefully produced assertion of ITA's refusal to think at all about a problem that needs a lot of quiet, responsible discussion. It is intended as a slap in the face for all inconvenient inquirers ('do-gooders' has been the word for them, in right-minded quarters); but one wonders whose face, in the end, will be red?

EDWARD BLISHEN

[Tom Driberg has been presiding over the Labour Party Conference, and he will resume his column next week. – Ed., *NS*.]

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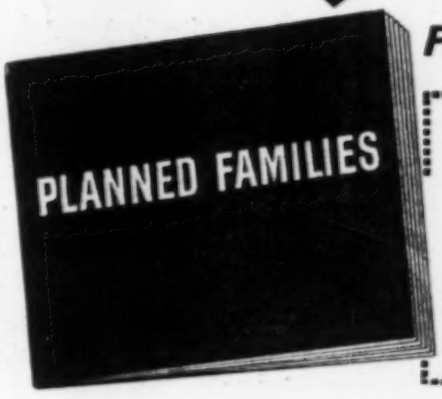

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The Place of Thy Tent

'It is a commonplace of art history that many artists fail to receive the recognition which they deserve in their lifetime.' That consoling sentence has just been written, one year after an artist's death, by a man who could easily have helped to secure the artist the recognition he deserved. The artist is David Bomberg (1890-1957) and the writer is Philip James of the Arts Council.

Very roughly Bomberg's work can be divided into three phases: up to about 1919 he was influenced by Cubism and Vorticism; after that, in the Twenties he painted in a painstakingly topographical manner, particularly in Palestine; in 1929 he went to Spain for the first time and from about then onwards began to develop his mature style – largely but not exclusively as a landscape painter.

The present exhibition (St James's Square) is moving because it contains about half a dozen magnificent and unforgettable canvases – the Cornish moors like an orange garment on the table of the sea; a red rock fortress in Cyprus high on a hill and worn by the light like a heart on its sleeve; the rising wind in Ronda, the landscape shifting like a woken animal. But it is also moving because one sees the kind of development, the kind of logic which often constitutes an artist's destiny – always remembering that this destiny is the result of choices. As Bomberg grew older and physically more constrained, his work became not only more profound, but freer, more spontaneous and more energetic. In his materials he found a new generation to work for him.

What is the essential quality of Bomberg's work? From his early Cubist period he learnt to organise a picture-surface. From his topographical period he learnt how to observe. In his mature work he combines the two lessons. But this doesn't get us very far, for many other artists served a similar kind of apprenticeship and Bomberg remains unique. (Perhaps the artist closest to him is Soutine, but whereas Soutine appears to be almost the victim of the power of his subjects, Bomberg always appears to be master of this power.) Bomberg himself took many of his conscious theories from Bishop Berkeley. He believed (to quote from Andrew Forge's well written introduction) that form was 'the artist's *consciousness* of mass, a subjective thing determined by his own physical experience of gravity, density, texture. . . . He held that the eye knew nothing about form but was merely the feeble servant of a physical sense of form. It was the physical sense of what he called the "spirit in the mass" that was the proper subject of art'.

Such idealism is so foreign to my own way of thinking that I cannot accept its validity or usefulness. But I can see that it was perhaps a partial rationalisation of the very special kind of poetic awareness that Bomberg enjoyed and suffered. The image that constantly recurs to me is that of a veil, a curtain, a tent – and each of these in the Old Testament sense of a landscape being possessed by being covered.

> 'Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes.'

Almost I believe that those could have been Bomberg's artistic instructions to his intimate pupils.

The curtain is of course made of paint – often quite thickly applied. It appears like a curtain – despite the fact that the brush marks apply very directly to the forms they describe, hills, buildings, ravines – because these brush marks also have a natural and organic rhythm within themselves which is similar to the rhythm with which material falls into its natural folds. Sometimes the folds are horizontal, when the landscape is a flat plain: sometimes vertical, when the landscape is precipitous: at other times crumpled when the landscape itself is a pocket of land. I do not want to make this image too literal, and I use it only to explain the curious sense of scale which Bomberg's best paintings have – a canvas may represent a mountain range and yet somehow one is made to feel that the artist has laid his hands on these mountains as one can lay one's hands on a blanket – and also to explain their extraordinary unity of light such as one usually only finds in a still life. They appear – in the strict, physical sense of the term – to be the paintings of a giant.

In the latest and greatest of Bomberg's pictures the curtain is absolutely indistinguishable from the real forms themselves. It is no longer a hanging. It is a garment. The grasses, the rock surfaces, the gravel become the dress of the place, and beneath them the body of the place appears to be capable of stirring and moving like a figure. Thus a landscape is given a pose and this pose, as with a man, is an expression of its spirit. Followers of Berkeley would, I suppose, explain that what I am now describing is the universal mind behind matter. But I prefer to believe that it is the result of a man's passionate imaginative identification with the promise or the threat of a place he has discovered. I prefer to believe that it springs from the same kind of vision as Isaiah's, 'Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem'.

JOHN BERGER

October

In these days of defined standards and precision manufacture, it is pleasant to contemplate the golf ball. This useful article in the days of its youth was constructed of leather and 'stuffed with as many featheris as will fill a hat'. Whose hat—and whose feathers—was not stated and the ruling, in consequence, would seem to leave a certain scope for individuality. But the game was becoming organised. The middle of the 18th century saw the beginnings of that great institution, the Golf Club, of which there are now in Great Britain upwards of 2,000. Two thousand Golf Clubs—and two thousand Honorary Secretaries chasing *x* thousand subscriptions! You can save yours the trouble by using the Midland Bank Standing Orders service, which will pay all such items for you automatically on their due dates.

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Ethnology

The Defiant Ones (Odeon, Leicester Square) is the odyssey of a pair of chained convicts who have made their escape, a pair who loathe each other because one of them is black and the other white, loathe each other above all because each can save himself only at the cost of saving the other, but find, once they have got rid of the chain, that a bond has grown between them which matters more to them than freedom or life itself. Maybe the message is too simple, but it is altogether compelling, and this is largely because it is communicated in essentially cinematic terms – far more than other outstanding recent Hollywood films concerned with contemporary social problems. I don't mean that films like *No Down Payment*, *Twelve Angry Men*, or *A Face in the Crowd* were devoid of impressive and memorable images; only that what they said could have been said by words alone, or illustrated by alternative images. In *The Defiant Ones* the argument and the images are inseparable, the images are the argument, the message is shown not said. We are made to wonder – and this is the sign of a true work of art – whether the image is there for the sake of the message or the message for the sake of the image.

What makes the imagery of *The Defiant Ones* deeply compelling is that it does not consist, like the imagery in a film by, say, Kazan, of a succession of thrilling shots, but is an organic whole, growing out of a single master-image – the image of a black and a white man chained together. Everything that happens in the film is a variation, or a development or a negation of this one image laden with symbolism.

Much of the incident is implausible, but the plausibility is there when it really is needed to give conviction. For example, at the central crisis in the action, when, after the pair have got rid of their chain, the white has the choice between probable freedom, with a woman thrown in, and saving the life of the black, so risking recapture, and does the first noble thing he has ever done in his life. If the woman had been shown as someone who mattered to him or might matter to him, as anything more than a body he could use, the gesture would have been finer, but also unlikelier. He knows that what he sacrifices is not all that much worth having. The sacrifice is not too noble to be out of character.

It is because the characters of the two men are never for a moment idealised – and the balance of good and evil in them is realised marvellously in the playing of Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier – that, whatever weaknesses there are in the plot, the gradual, grudging transformation of their mutual hatred into love is managed with such conviction. What is most admirable of all, perhaps, is that the Negro is not made out to be a chocolate-coloured Jesus Christ.

The Naked and the Dead (Gaumont, Haymarket), on the other hand, does fall into the old fallacy of seeing all underdogs – in this case, the Jews – as saints. In Mailer's novel, Roth fell from the mountainside to his death because he was exhausted and frightened; in the film, he has to have a game ankle. This is typical of the adaptation: all the book's nicer characters – and some, like Gallacher, who are not nice – have their vices and neuroses played down. Thus the guilt, the self-disgust, which, in the novel, underlie the pinkish attitudes of Lieutenant Hearn are almost suppressed in the film. What with the whitewashing and a happy ending, a satire on futility has been adapted into a sermon on democracy. But it's good entertainment.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Correspondence

IRELAND AND ITS TROUBLES

SIR, – The strict instructions on the use of torture which Paul Johnson suspects were issued by RUC headquarters after the Mallon-Talbot exposures are being disobeyed. Or were never sent – since policemen, including those who serve the Crown in Ireland, generally do their master's bidding in such matters.

In the South Derry area, 35 men were arrested three weeks ago following guerrilla attacks and taken to Magherafelt RUC Barracks. A number were beaten up and then released. Three were tortured in an attempt to get them to sign confessions and are now interned in Crumlin Road Jail, Belfast. No charges have been preferred against them.

In the case of Jim McKenna of Lasnamuck, Maghera, Co. Derry, a screwdriver and a pliers were used to bend back the nails on his hands and toes. The pliers was also used on his ears, nose and tongue. He was beaten unconscious. John McCusker of Brackareilly, Maghera, Co. Derry, was hung from the rafters with a belt and was kicked and punched while in that position. They took him down when he was semi-conscious and three of his ribs were broken. The third man, Derek Highstead of Carrowmena, Maghera, Co. Derry, is reported to have received stitches on the head and lips after being beaten unconscious and dragged from the room by the hair of his head. At one stage his 'interrogators' thought he had died. McKenna and McCusker were also put sitting on chairs which were then pulled from under them and as they rolled on the floor they would be kicked repeatedly, dragged on to the chair again and the process repeated. The screams of the three men were heard by fellow-prisoners until someone turned up the radio to drown their cries.

I am not sure if Mr Johnson would term the above an 'undue degree of violence'. I am quite sure that if it happened in Algeria your journal would refer to it as torture. But it happened in a town in Ireland which is under the British Crown and which, by virtue of Acts passed by your parliament, must remain a part of the United Kingdom. In the final analysis who do you think is responsible?

I think Mr Johnson has tried to be fair on the whole, though my own experience of his reporting (he must have a remarkable memory for he took no notes) might lead me to surmise differently. He has put into one garbled quotation a half-hour's conversation and if he thinks that a fair summary of my replies to his questions I do not. But I will leave it pass. I told him, of course, that the basic issue in Ireland was British interference in our affairs, an interference symbolised by an army of occupation in the Six Counties. And I told him that our goal is independence; an objective being fought for in the occupied part of our country by active resistance to British rule.

Full of wisdom, despite his years, Mr Johnson moralises about Ireland's only enemy – the past. He should remember that for an oppressed people history is something more than the mere recording of the dates of kings. Unlike Macaulay's *History of England*, ours is emphatically not one of progress. We have had no constant change in institutions to make it that. One great institution barred – and still bars – the way: British imperialism. A plea for human understanding has to begin by calling for its removal. And I doubt if any understanding can be reached by way of torture; or even by Mr Johnson's 'undue degree of violence'.

J. MCGARRITY

Irish Republican Publicity Bureau

[J. McGarrity is the official IRA spokesman recently interviewed by Paul Johnson. – Ed., *NS.*]

UNIVERSITY BLUES

SIR, – The Master of Trinity Hall finds the explanation of Mr Wedderburn's statistics in the fact that at Cambridge the number of applicants from public schools is more numerous – in his college much more numerous – than the number of applicants from other

Duel Personality

Judging by reports from Paris and Ilfracombe, duelling seems to have declined in ferocity since my day. I say 'day' advisedly: there was only one. The morning after a party in a small Latin-American town, my challenger's seconds informed me I had disparaged the local wine the night before. It seemed all too likely. My reply that, as far as I could recollect, I had praised the stuff, didn't help. Pistols for two, coffee for one was the order of the day.

On the eve of the battle I was plotting the longest route to the town cemetery (appropriate venue of my expiation) when I was joined by an *hidalgo* who shared my taste in *amontillado*. After a bottle of Vintners Choice I asked him to be my second. He declined. He, too, had a date at dawn by the cemetery. Apparently I had landed in a town where duelling was not only rife but *a l'outrance*. We put in some moonlight pistol practice together until daybreak.

At the cemetery his seconds informed us we were to fight each other. Strong emotion upset our aim. We expended all the ammunition but neither was hurt.

One of the seconds was not quite so lucky. The noise and rapidity of fire was too much for him and he fainted away. His taste was for an *oloroso*, and a glass of Vintners Cream soon restored him sufficiently to accept another. In no time a good time was being had by all.

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schools, and, he adds, seemingly with reference to the applicants from public schools, 'all are meritorious because they are supported by the schools, which are familiar with Cambridge standards and help us enormously in our selection'. This large and generous presumption of merit surely helps to explain why at Cambridge the number of applicants from public schools is so preponderant; the support of their schools is proof in itself that they merit consideration. Candidates from other schools cannot apply with the same confident assurance.

Of course some schools are better, and some have enjoyed longer connection with Cambridge, than others; even headmasters of public schools may differ in reliability and candour. But the procedure of selection, to be just and effective, must surely be designed to provide some counter-weight to these wide differences between schools as well as between home backgrounds – above all, some serious objective evidence of intellectual ability as well as of range of interests and qualities of character and fitness for responsibility. Yet there are colleges at Cambridge which hold no entrance examination at all for the admission of commoners, and which reach decisions on their admission without having before them any objective evidence of ability other than Ordinary level results in GCE, school record up to the age of 16 or 17, and impressions formed at an interview.

Trinity Hall is not one of them; it normally delays its decisions until after an entrance examination held in a boy's last year at school. How indeed can the relative claims of candidates for admission to any college be fairly or wisely reached at any earlier age or on an examination taken by boys of 15 or 16 two or three years before they enter the university? But this practice, and the fact that at most Cambridge colleges applications for commoners' places have normally to be made as early as possible in a boy's Sixth Form career, undoubtedly help to account for the preponderance of public school boys, so much more marked than at Oxford. The parents of boys at grammar schools do not readily assume that their sons will go on to one of the senior universities, if indeed to a university at all. They and their sons need persuasion and clear evidence of ability provided by success at Sixth Form level. The early age of application, the production of a school record before a boy has had time to give proof of his range of interests and fitness for responsibility, reliance in many cases on an examination taken at 15 or 16 and neither designed nor suitable for discriminating between degrees of fitness for a university career, all serve to weigh the scales in favour of reliance on the *school* – on its name and repute and connection with the college – rather than on proved achievement.

If there is a Royal Commission to consider university selection, it is the procedure of many Cambridge colleges which will above all have invited it.

W. A. CLAYDON

The Grammar School
Maidstone

SIR,—Could we get things a little straighter about interviews for Oxbridge scholarships? For over a decade candidates for history scholarships at this college have been interviewed jointly by the same three dons, educated respectively at a 'major' public school, a 'minor' public school and a grammar school. We mark independently but our marks always show a quite uncanny agreement.

Candidates who interview badly are, as a rule:

(1) Boys (except those from one peculiar house) who come from a certain extremely famous public school – because they often seem unwilling to disclose interest in or enthusiasm for anything.

(2) Boys from two other well-known public schools – because they appear to have been taught showmanship, charlatanry and bogus 'culture' (there was a year when all candidates from one of them affected to have read Pareto).

(3) Boys from a few (not all) Roman Catholic public schools – because they seem to have thought of nothing for themselves.

(4) Boys from one grammar school – because they have all read Dostoevsky and, naturally, have not understood him.

It does not require great experience or acumen to get, in 15 or 20 minutes, past his teacher to the boy.

On two recent occasions we urged the college to accept a history candidate on grounds of 'personality', regardless of his marks. Both boys came from little-known Welsh grammar schools.

It must, however, be admitted that boys tend to interview well if they come from homes, rich or poor, where there are books (they may be Penguin books) about the place, and where intellectual matters are apt to be discussed. Should the Labour Party agitate for the suppression of parental book-buying? For it is this which confers an 'unfair' advantage upon some candidates.

CHRISTOPHER MORRIS

King's College
Cambridge

SIR,—May I angle the discussion on Oxbridge entrance for a brief moment from the attitude of the public schools? It is then possible to see one very good reason why there are more public school applicants and successful entrants to the older universities. Bruce Truscot refers to the point at the beginning of his *Redbrick* in that the public school boy, unless he is absolutely forced to, will very rarely choose London or one of the other universities in preference to Oxbridge.

Why do they thus choose? Not for the quiet or the academic peace (as contrasted to metropolitan London or industrial Sheffield). The cloistered seclusion racket is played out. Hardly ever for faculty reasons in that they wish to study under a particular expert. In fact their considerations are the immemorial ones of class, and the well-meaning but ambiguous and snobbish reason of 'wanting to go to the best place'.

This very real avoidance and social contempt for the newer universities on the part of the public schools may be dangerously prohibitive on, for example, public school engineers, who might derive more benefit from a university not so traditionalised as Oxbridge. More propaganda and faculty guidance aimed at these schools by the newer universities together with a more co-operative and enlightened attitude on the part of public school headmasters would be a great help.

I. I. WEINBERG

8 Kennerley Avenue
Exeter

THE NUCLEAR CAMPAIGN

SIR,—Permit me to quote, with the briefest possible comment, three phrases from Mr Ritchie Calder's letter to you:

(1) 'It is categorically untrue that our line (or our support) is merely moral or pacifist'. Note the pejorative 'merely'.

(2) 'A pamphlet on the moral argument, intended for the churches and necessary to rebut the bishops, has not yet appeared'. Intended, apparently, only for 'the churches' and only, it seems, necessary for the purpose of rebutting the bishops. Moreover, 'it has not yet appeared'.

(3) 'We have always insisted that the platforms should embrace the political, military, scientific and moral arguments'. Moral in the fourth and last place.

VICTOR GOLLANCZ

SIR,—So far as the attitude of what he calls militant pacifists to the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament is concerned, Ritchie Calder has got it all wrong. The reason why they feel unable to support the Campaign is because it seems to them to be quite unrealistic and indeed misleading both in its aims and methods. It is surely unrealistic to expect either of the major political parties to renounce what they believe to be the great deterrent in the shape of the H-bomb so long as they continue with policies which, in the last resort, rely on the method of war.

It is at least arguable that if the Campaign were to be successful in its immediate aims, the danger of conventional war would be increased, and it is certain, as Professor Rotblatt has pointed out, that, even if 'all existing nuclear weapons were destroyed, the situation would not be altered basically. The knowledge of the methods of production of these weapons cannot be destroyed, and in case of a future war it would take only a short time before the stock piles were rebuilt'. The only way out of the modern dilemma is the acceptance of total disarmament and the refusal to use the method of war. Moreover, in so far as the Campaign's long-term policy envisages disarmament by agreement, it is unrealistic if there is any lesson to be drawn from the attempts of the past 20 years. The failure to secure disarmament by agreement is part of the chain of events which has resulted in the production of the hydrogen bomb.

Pacifists, in advocating nothing less than total, unconditional, unilateral disarmament, are presenting the only real alternative to the policies to which the major political parties are committed, as both the Prime Minister and Mr Strachey have recognised. There is a real danger that if the Campaign were successful, it would put the clock back to 1939, and that if it were unsuccessful, it would leave many people in a state of greater disillusionment and frustration and perhaps fear than previously.

STUART MORRIS

Peace Pledge Union
6 Endsleigh Street, WC1

ONE WAY TO PARADISE

SIR,—With reference to Mr Claudio Veliz's article 'One Way to Paradise', which you published on 20 September, and without commenting on its unsubstantiated allegations, I should like to point out that Brazil is among those countries which receive the greatest number of immigrants.

To take only the period following the Second World War, every year Brazil has accepted more than 50,000 European immigrants. During the same period some 100,000 displaced persons have settled there. These figures show that a vast human contingent has found in my country opportunities for work and the conditions necessary for a happy future, having thus become firmly integrated in our national life.

The rather insignificant number of exceptions does

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not in any way invalidate, but on the contrary emphasises, the general behaviour of the immigrants. The exceptions are those individuals who, owing mainly to psychological reasons, find it impossible to adjust themselves to the country where they chose to begin a new life. This happens particularly in the case of persons who leave their country of origin for political reasons and cannot, therefore, be considered voluntary emigrants. There are many examples of such people trying to put the blame for their maladjustment on the country where they have received asylum and, in search of conditions which are never anywhere to be found, embarking on an endless peregrination from country to country.

ASSIS CHATEAUBRIAND
Ambassador

Brazilian Embassy, London

A GREAT RADICAL

SIR,—In reading Professor Arthur Schlesinger's article in your issue of 6 September I was struck by what I regard as a telling omission. Mr Schlesinger lists with approval Walter Lippmann, James Reston and a number of other political journalists in America, but fails even to mention I. F. Stone and the *Weekly* he gets out to some 10,000 subscribers in conditions that would try the most heroic spirit. Many of us here think that in recent months Messrs Lippmann and Reston have been magnificent, but we also think that Mr Stone is their more consistent peer and the superior of the others Mr Schlesinger praises. For upwards of 20 years, first in the daily press and now in his *Weekly*, Mr Stone has been writing informed, searching and illuminating commentary on American and world affairs with humour, force and feeling, and from the point of view of a Socialist and democrat—the kind of thing for which some of us in America subscribe to your journal. His book, *The Truman Era*, a collection of his daily pieces during the years 1946-1952, when Mr Schlesinger was preoccupied with anti-Communism, contains some of the most brilliant political journalism ever produced in America. Mr Stone's essay on John Foster Dulles, *In the Image of Sullivan and Cromwell* (the Wall Street law firm which Mr Dulles then led), written in 1948, still remains the most pointed portrait of the Secretary. In his letter in your issue of 13 September, Bernard Crick speaks of Mr Schlesinger's 'bogus radicalism'. There is nothing bogus about Mr Stone's radicalism.

DAVID L. WEISSMAN

122 East 42nd St,
New York.

THEODORE MAJOR

SIR,—I notice Mary McLean's letter belatedly: it is a red herring. John Berger was writing of the industrial north-west, and so was I. Of course, Kendal is cleaner than Wigan; so is St Ives, so are many places. Of course, there is soot in Wigan: there is soot wherever houses or factories cluster and burn coal directly. But the light of Wigan is only marginally different from that of Kirkham or Ormskirk or Knutsford or any of the many little non-industrial towns which live in the rain shadow of the Pennines. Of course, Mary McLean has to wipe her clothes line and grumble about pollution. But we are not talking about pollution: the point at issue is a description of Wigan used by John Berger as a basis for argument about painting. It seems necessary to quote.

Of Wigan: 'Fog, rain, smoke, soot and dereliction fumble around and enclose all forms.'

Again, of Mr Major: '. . . he can never see what he is painting if he looks straight at it. Of course, not. Because he has never been able to look straight at an object as painters *in other places* have.' (My italics.)

I say these points are false, and it seems to make little difference whether one takes them as pure invention or false because of gross exaggeration.

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THE CONTEXT OF COMMITMENT

THE persistent re-writing of intellectual and social history often plays strange tricks with what contemporaries felt was the 'mood' of their generation or age. What appeared to them at the time as a major revolt against established orthodoxies may easily be dismissed in retrospect as an interregnum. In the same way their social certainties may be made to figure as contradictions or evasions. The process of re-assessment begins, however, before the historians get to work. It starts before many of the people concerned are dead, while the recent past is part of the present. It is quickly caught up not only in misunderstanding but in current polemic, in the conflict between the young and the old.

Already for some years the 1930s have been in doubt. They can so easily be caricatured. A few selected quotations and a dash of pseudo-psychology can be used to dismiss a generation. The idiom and the imagery of the Thirties are already dated, and it is more arduous to explain the ideal of social commitment than to explain it away. At the same time the Thirties can be glamourised. The *élan* can be envied and the frustration forgotten. For all the thunder on the left the National Government remained in power from 1931 to 1940. The hunger marchers came and went, but there were still more than a million and a half unemployed in 1939. Franco won the Spanish Civil War. As Walter Allen stressed in his memories of the Thirties in these pages not long ago, the Old Gang was more firmly entrenched in Britain than the contemporary Establishment. The Labour Party no more captured the imagination of the Left than it does today. All these were brute facts, but there might still have been compensation if the feeling of fellowship and belief in a 'cause' had been strengthened in the struggle. As it was, for many writers and intellectuals – though not for all – the cause itself had become confused by 1939. Auden, the most brilliant of the writers, talked of the death of 'the clever hopes . . . of a low, dishonest decade' and described his generation as –

> Lost in a haunted wood,
> Children afraid of the night
> Who have never been happy or good.

This, or a similar juxtaposition of facts and aspirations, is sometimes used as the basis for an indictment of the intellectuals of the Thirties on the grounds that they lost themselves in futile 'romanticism'. Sometimes it is used in an attempt to puncture new movements of protest in the post-war world. Neither use is helpful. 'Clever hopes' may distract, distort and ultimately crumble, but hope itself is an invaluable element in all critical analyses of society. Many of the postures of the Thirties may have been artificial, but postures usually are. Most of the complaints were real. The urgent desire of many of the writers of the period to communicate – they felt it as a need – was genuine enough. Their wish to be something more than mere social reporters was successfully expressed in their work. When recently the problems of commitment began to be re-examined afresh in a new context, it was natural that one of the first questions raised was 'can we bridge the gap between the Thirties and the Fifties?' One of the contributors to *Universities and Left Review*, the main forum of the new discussion, has gone so far as to say, 'in many profound and encouraging ways we are back in the Thirties – we are alive again after the chloroform sleep of Butskellism. So we are talking about intellectuals again, and dusting off our copies of Ralph Fox and Dmitri Mirsky'.

There are enormous differences between the background, mood and approach of the Thirties and Fifties, although in recent discussion many of the themes are the same – the role of the critic, the relevance of Marxism both to the study of society and of the arts, the relationship between socialism and sociology (in the Thirties psychology was more important), and the place of the intellectual in politics. The persistence of these themes suggests that they need a more long-term analysis than they were allowed in the Thirties. The concept of commitment itself can be placed in a historical setting along with all its attendant terminology – the language of 'class', of 'art', of labels like 'romantic' and 'realist'. What the editors of *Universities and Left Review* call 'a clear contemporary analysis of the facts about contemporary society' demands a critical study of values, of the re-shaping of modern society as a whole, at least since the time of the double shock of the French and Industrial Revolutions. It was then that the context of commitment was radically changed, and in the writings of the early romantics many issues which remain fresh and relevant were posed for the first time.

Study and debate are central expressions of the new social preoccupation associated with the *Universities and Left Review*. The preoccupation goes beyond politics and economics, and compasses literature and art, 'the full scale of man's activities'. In the approach to politics there is a certain contrast with the mood of the late Thirties, although it may be a superficial one. Many of the writers of the Thirties – creative writers, not critics – developed their social and political consciousness as they wrote. There was an immediacy of response. Political activity, some of it routine, provided a focus and to some extent a discipline. 'A writer who wishes to produce the best work that he is capable of producing, must first of all become a socialist in his practical life, must go over to the progressive side of the class conflict.' In the Fifties, while many older intellectuals start with an active and restless political consciousness, sometimes stirred during the late Thirties, there is among younger people, as Edward Thompson has written, 'a growing thirst for (an) oblique, human approach to politics'. There are differences of opinion, based not on immaturity but on experience, concerning the most suitable and useful forms of political activity—whether to engage directly in party politics, whether to concentrate on socialist activities outside—but there seems to be agreement on paper at least that 'when socialist values lose their relevance for the total scale of man's activities, they lose their "political" point as well. They become expendable'.

There seem to me to be three other main differences between this contemporary trend and that of the Thirties. First, between then and now, changes in the educational system have multiplied the number of intellectuals whose origins are to be found in the working classes and whose earliest memories are of working-class life. The gap between the decades was not simply a waste land ravaged by war and flattened by the Welfare State. Social and economic changes, which can be as easily caricatured as the 'mood' of the Thirties has been, were the uneasy prelude to the present intellectual controversy which is centred on London, the great social melting-pot. The route from working-class home to university has become a familiar and well signposted highway. As many recent articles have suggested, there are sharply contrasting individual reactions to the experiences of travel, but none the less every traveller started with a social awareness different from that of most of the pre-war 'rebels'. Many of the liveliest new writers of the Fifties are WEA or extra-mural tutors; most of them made their journey relatively soon. They still retain a link, often not as strong as they would like, with working-class activities. Their sense of social commitment has been the product not of a dramatic revolt, but of a normal development.

Second, the growth of the so-called mass media of communication has given new point to the demand for honest and consistent criticism delivered straight, without gimmicks and without affectation. The relation between 'Admass' and 'manipulators' has certain affinities with the relation between employers and 'hands' during the early stages of the Industrial Revolution; to understand it, economics, while directly relevant, is not enough. The case for the moral commitment of the critic, his emotional simplicity, is a powerful element, almost a Jacobin element, in current controversy. The 'cultural Left', including the NEW STATESMAN, has not been spared, and the role of the critic has been given more attention than the role of the creative artist. Whatever else is to be oblique, criticism is not. In an outstanding passage John Berger has written that the critic differs from the historian only in one important respect – he must be obsessed by the future. 'Only thus has he a hope of understanding the most imaginative of his contemporaries. He must look back at them from his imaginary future. And for that future he must fight – above all within his assessment of his own responsibilities. Therein lies his famous commitment.'

Third, the complexity of contemporary society, which was a barrier to investigation and analysis during the immediate post-war years,

has begun to provide a challenge. There is more careful probing, less reliance on formulae, and greater anxiety to debate issues than there was in the Thirties. Then, a sense of complexity often grew out of initial simplicity. Now the complexity is a matter of common knowledge. At this point the committed intellectual faces both opportunities and difficulties. He has the opportunity of joining hands with other people who are socially inquisitive – their numbers seem to be growing; he will find it difficult, however, to 'transform ideas into effective social energies', to relate his sense of social commitment to the tasks of practical politics. It is difficult to draw a convincing picture of modern society in clear, bold outlines. During the Thirties unemployment and hunger, brutally simple in their consequences if not in their causes, were social catalysts as they had been in the nineteenth century, and socially committed writers did not find it difficult to stretch the social consciousness of their readers. During the Fifties social critics often beat in vain against thick walls of complacency, even when they raise international issues of life and death. There is no shortage of grievances or of anger; there is still, however, an absence of focus.

These are a few of the problems raised in the contemporary context of commitment. They can be underpinned with ideology or translated into many different kinds of language. It is too soon to say what future historians will make of the mood of our own generation. They may see continuities where we see breaks. They may judge us by our science fiction rather than our social criticism or, more likely, concentrate on the responses to our rapidly changing place in the world rather than on the changes within our own society. In most people's minds the balance of hope and fear remains precarious. Considered in terms of current need, however, much that has been lately said and written makes sense and rings true. And there is enough on the agenda to keep the next generation busy.

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'New thinking', in the Labour Party, is a term with a sinister reputation. Too often it amounts to nothing more than a smoke-screen. A bogus internationalism has been required to excuse support for German rearmament, explain the rigid allegiance to the Anglo-American alliance, or justify a defence policy barely distinguishable from that of the Tories'. In home affairs, fancy names, such as 'the post-capitalist society', are invented to suggest that our ugly, gimcrack social structure is somehow the satisfying result of conscious design. Worship of the *fait accompli* – that has been the religion of the right-wing leadership of the Party. The attempt to interpret this creed as if it were something daring and radical imposes an unbearable strain on the authors of policy documents and the English language.

But new thinking there must be, and when the genuine effort is made to apply Socialist principles by those whose 'sense of outrage', as Paul Johnson calls it, has not been blunted in endless, musty committee meetings, the result can be startling. 'You never see a hop in your beer nowadays', said someone mournfully to me once. When real Socialist principles are used as the chief ingredient in devising the beginnings of a Socialist policy, as they are in this book of essays, a rare and refreshing flavour can be felt on the palate.

Peter Shore, in his analysis of the structure of modern industry, shows what *Industry and Society* might have been, and wasn't. Not only does he reveal afresh why, sooner or later, the skeleton of public ownership will have to be taken out of the cupboard into which it was stuffed at the Brighton Conference, his analysis proves 'why present techniques for redistributing wealth are bound to fail. For modern taxation is based upon the fundamental assumption that wealth is individually owned. The harder, therefore, the state presses upon individual wealth and individual privilege, the more rapidly will corporate wealth and corporate privilege grow'. If the argument is valid, how does the official leadership propose to escape the dilemmas into which their orthodox financial and taxation policies must lead them?

Even more provocative is the logic of Socialist ideas applied to the social services. Once the approach to this aspect of politics provided the citadel of the official party's strength. But the surrender to Beveridge was well-nigh unconditional, and since that day, with the supreme exception of the National Health Service and later the Superannuation scheme, little or no thought has been given to the way wealth is really shared in the so-called Welfare State. Hence the delusion that the only difference between the Tories and Labour is a shilling here and sixpence there. Brian Abel-Smith and Peter Townsend, in the most directly impressive of these essays, shake complacency to the roots and hint, almost as a by-product, at a social programme which could set the Thames and the Tyne and the Tamar on fire. 'With rising standards of life,' says Abel-Smith, 'a belief in a subsistence minimum (and that's the great new idea of Tory new thinking on the subject) is a belief in ever-increasing inequality and class distinction'. Peter Townsend says we should think in terms of the submerged fifth and not the submerged tenth, of 10 million people – real people – rather than 5 million. Considering all the talk of how we never had it so good, the stinking squalor and neglect in which so many of those millions still live becomes all the more offensive. Abel-Smith and Townsend put their case with such a fine passion and humanity (plus plentiful statistics) that it may appear indecent to add the clinching argument. But the calculating machines which have lost so many elections may still find it easier to add up the votes rather than the total of avoidable human suffering. The 10 million of the submerged can reach the polling booths a good deal more easily than they get their elementary rights. It's a thought – or 'an incentive', to use the word the calculating machines may more easily comprehend.

But, of course, neither these nor any other of the contributors to this book are mesmerised by the abstruse art of how to win elections. They just blurt out what they think in, for the most part, excellent and understandable English. Could it be that this is a quality which the inscrutable, apathetic British public, oppressed by what Norman MacKenzie calls 'the Stalemate State', might learn to look for in political candidates of the Left, even if occasionally, as in this book, the candidates contradict one another? After all, Wells quarrelled with the Webbs, Bevin savaged Lansbury, and Bevan was at loggerheads with Attlee right up till the eve of the 1945 victory, and still the Labour Party prospered until it ruled the nation. You never can tell. Honesty may be the best policy.

Stepping on to dry land from these philosophical quicksands, one fact is sure. If England today has few avowed Socialists of the age of 20, there will be fewer still when this generation reaches the age of 40. 'It is dangerous to starve the moral imagination of the young,' says Iris Murdoch in the concluding essay. She suggests 'a house of theory', if only to put a roof over the heads of those young, would-be Socialist idealists evicted from their natural political home by the hard-headed Rent Acts of the right-wingers. Much more than new policy programmes, British Socialism needs new Tawneys, new Laskis, new Brailsfords. There may be the makings of some here, and that is the best news of all.

Of course, there have always been, to put it mildly, two Labour Parties. The sparks of imagination were made to fly only when the hammer of a Morris or a Wells or a Blatchford or the militant rank-and-file smote the stolid anvil of the Webbs or the party and trade union machine. A rough-and-ready distinction between the two parties has been that one was truly democratic and welcomed the surge from below, while the other was always distrustful of the mob, patronising, managerial in its tastes and aspirations. One weakness of this book is the absence of any real inquiry into why the Labour Party itself has become so stuffy and, in the higher reaches of the Parliamentary Party and some of the trade unions, so positively anti-democratic. Somehow the machinery itself must be oiled if it is ever to move. I sometimes suspect that, to some of our leaders, Mill's Essay on Liberty would read like a revolutionary manual. Small wonder if these inspiring but often modest tracts for the times give off a pleasant sound of the tocsin and the tumbrils.

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Madison Avenue, USA. By MARTIN MAYER. *Bodley Head*. 25*s*.

A section of Madison Avenue, New York, is to advertising agents what Harley Street is to our doctors. There they plan and carry out, at great personal profit and pain, the spending of well over £1,000m in advertising, a sort of tax on industry and commerce. What do industry, commerce, and the community, get for their money? That is one of the questions which Mr Mayer asks in a study of the origins, organisation, personalities, practices, means, aims, techniques, virtues and vices of the agency game – a study which is thorough, balanced, consistently readable and very much to be recommended.

Oddly enough, however, the only answer he fails to give to his most important question is – maybe it's too obvious – newspapers, magazines, TV shows. Nobody, and certainly no journalist, can afford to forget that: it is almost certainly true to say that we would not, perhaps could not, afford to pay what our newspapers and periodicals really cost to make. They are subsidised for us by advertisers; and if the goods sold by the advertisers are consequently dearer, we at least get something for our money. Some of us consider advertising to be repulsively vulgar, dishonest, and socially dangerous; but we had better think twice before repudiating what the whole profession of journalism lives on. And what advertising men die of – literally: the top-executives in an American advertising agency have an expectation of life ten years below the national average.

They live in an atmosphere of unwholesome excitement rising at frequent intervals to panic. Everything is ten times life-size: a simple brainwave for a new campaign which strikes the ordinarily sophisticated reader as a piece of schoolboy cleverness, becomes, in this atmosphere, a stroke of genius comparable with the great moment of enlightenment in the mind of a Beethoven or an Einstein, and to be rewarded with a hundred thousand dollars a year – but death at fifty. As anyone knows who has frequented the London colony of the Madison Avenue empire, its denizens rarely drink less than trebles, eat £5 lunches – it's all on the expense account – overspend their incomes, and are in a state of emotional tension about losing a client to some other shaking neurotic. The trouble, according to Mr Mayer, is that the advertising agency operates as a professional office, but competes with others as a business. 'When professional services aggressively compete with each other for clients, the weapons they find in their hands are flattery, boastfulness, scorn and servility. These are the vices of advertising.' The *Sturm und Drang* in Madison Avenue seems hardly worth it. For what is the outcome of all these nervous crises and stomach ulcers? An imaginary virtue in toilet-paper A as against indistinguishable toilet-paper B.

Does advertising pay either the advertiser or the community? Nobody knows, but probably not. The description of the rather less than more 'scientific' and *very* expensive tests contrived to answer these questions makes fascinating reading. But no answer emerges. It seems that the theory that advertising works to cut production costs by raising consumption is not tenable; that seven times out of ten purchasers of packet goods change their mind as to brand at the point of sale; that advertising increases the cost of distribution – all that wrapping material!

Vance Packard, in *The Hidden Persuaders*, dealt with such recondite advertising aids as motivational research, depth interviews, subliminal suggestion: it now seems that he, and we, need not have been alarmed. They were fashions, gimmicks, and are on their way out, giving way to 'operational research' which is more fun because you use mathematics and electronic computers and it costs the earth. There are other reassurances: TV cannot really elect anyone to the Presidency; as a political instrument it has been wildly over-rated, and even as a commercial one, for huge expenditures on TV commercials and sponsoring have reduced the newspaper share of the advertiser's dollar only from 28 per cent. to 27 per cent. As to the battle between TV networks for top Nielson ratings (number of viewers), it is platonic. These people have 'progressively lowered the class of their programme lists to win top ratings' – but for nothing, since there is demonstrably no connection between high ratings and sales of the product advertised. ITV please note.

In its political, as in its commercial, practice Mr Mayer passes advertising as beyond comparison more honest and less dangerous than 'Public Relations'. As to his most interesting conclusion about what, since it apparently does none of the things it's supposed to do, it *does* do – it 'adds a new value to the existing values of the product'. A completely worthless pill which claims, with convincing 'copy', to cure headaches, will, in fact, cure millions of headaches. Quite so. The implications are worth half an hour's careful thought.

EDWARD HYAMS

Ancient Lights

The Munich Conspiracy. By ANDREW ROTHSTEIN. *Lawrence & Wishart*. 35*s*.

'Munich' remains the most controversial episode in recent history. Much of the secret record has now been published; but men still quarrel over its interpretation almost as fiercely as they disputed at the time in relative ignorance. Tories can still be found to maintain that the policy of Munich averted a world war and was a splendid stroke for peace; while many Labour men, including apparently Lord Attlee, now genuinely believe that the Labour party advocated resistance to aggression resolutely and without reserve. The Communist version, too, still has its adherents, as the present book witnesses. According to this view, 'Munich' was the outcome of a deliberate design to switch German expansion eastwards, and the men of Munich rubbed their hands at the prospect of Germany's conquering the Ukraine. The historian can give no such clear-cut verdict. There is some truth in every contemporary interpretation, even in the most outrageous; but there was also muddle and confusion, and all the participants, from Chamberlain to Hitler, were surprised at the way things worked out.

Mr Rothstein is a leading Communist, who was then working as a foreign correspondent; and his book was first drafted twenty years ago. Now he has reinforced it with a careful study of the diplomatic papers, both French and German; but he has not moved one inch from the view he formed at the time. Munich, he asserts, was a 'conspiracy' to dismember Czechoslovakia for Hitler's advantage. Unfortunately for Mr Rothstein, there is nothing sensational or controversial in this view as perhaps there was 20 years ago. All serious historians agree that the British and French governments were determined to desert the Czechs and to settle the question of the Sudeten Germans in Hitler's favour What is there to be found in this book, so far as detail

goes, which is not to be found in the writings of such highly respectable historians as Sir Lewis Namier and Mr Wheeler-Bennett? Not a word. Indeed the respectable historians are, if anything more contemptuous of British and French policy.

It is a different matter when we try to examine background and motives. Where Mr Rothstein finds wickedness, Mr Wheeler-Bennett stresses fear, and Sir Lewis Namier stupidity. I too incline most towards the last explanation, but would add genuine high principle, derived from what men had believed about the treaty of Versailles during the preceding 20 years. There is a preliminary legend to get out of the way: the legend that the Czech crisis was deliberately engineered by Hitler as the next stage in a carefully conceived plan of world conquest. On the contrary, the Czech crisis took Hitler by surprise. The famous Hossbach memorandum of November 1937 certainly contains a plan for war, but in 1942 or 1943, not in 1938. British policy aimed to make this war unnecessary by satisfying Hitler's legitimate grievances before he formulated them. Hitler was provoked into threats only by the Czech mobilisation of 20 May; and what that was provoked by we still do not know. The French were certainly driven on by fear – plain fear of war, not of a Soviet alliance. But British policy meant to be constructive; and it cannot be understood without the long years of teaching, often Communist inspired, that Czechoslovakia was an artificial and aggressive state. The Czechs themselves – not only Communists, but the party of Benes – confessed that there was something wrong with old Czechoslovakia, when they expelled the Germans in 1945. Benes, too, was mainly concerned to avoid war; and he preferred surrender to fighting. Though he denounced the Munich settlement during the war, he took credit for it afterwards. At my last meeting with him in 1946, he took me to his window and, looking over the roof-tops of Prague, said: 'Is it not beautiful? The only undamaged city in central Europe. And all my doing'.

Mr Rothstein asks repeatedly: why did the western Powers not make a solid alliance with Soviet Russia? He answers: hatred of Communism; they wanted to use Hitler against Stalin. There is some truth in this, but there were also other factors. For one thing, a doubt – justified, after the great purges of 1937 – about Soviet armed strength. Still more, doubt whether the Soviet armies could help Czechoslovakia effectively even if they wished to do so. Mr Rothstein argues that they could have gone through Rumania. Even this is doubtful; and in any case it was a preposterous scheme. Soviet Russia could have helped the Czechs only if Poland had been on the same side; she was the exact opposite. The negotiations of the following year showed that the Russian leaders had never seriously considered how they could fight Germany; and when they examined the problem they found that there was no solution. If it had come to war in 1938, the Russians would probably have occupied Poland up to the Curzon line and then watched events. This is only a guess, and all such guesses are foolish. But there was really nothing else that the Russians could do.

The theory of the 'conspiracy' is however decisively exploded by later events. Mr Rothstein wisely stops at 15 March 1939, with Hitler's occupation of Prague; and a visitor from Mars, ignorant of what came after, would assume from this book that later in 1939 Germany attacked Soviet Russia with British and French approval. This is not quite what happened. If the British statesmen were such Machiavellian plotters in 1938, why did they make such a mess of things a year later? The answer is simple: they were puzzle-headed men, not Machiavellian plotters. The outbreak of war in 1939 certainly condemned British and French policy of the year before, but Soviet Russia too did not come out with much credit.

Of course the general moral of the book is indisputable: peace is secure in the world only when Soviet Russia and the western Powers are on good terms. This was not achieved in 1938; it has not been achieved now. The faults however are not all on one side; and it darkens counsel to suggest that they are. English historians might strike a bargain with their Soviet colleagues. We have set them an example by criticising British governments and exposing their follies. Let Soviet historians do the same with their own government. It would even be a help if the Russians published their diplomatic documents, as the British government has done. Surely, they have nothing to hide?

A. J. P. TAYLOR

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The Naked Face of Genius. By AGATHA FASSETT *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

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structions of long conversations which took place many years ago, she is altogether to be trusted. For reasons which are partly personal and must be declared, I think that she is. Some years ago in Boston I happened to meet the Fassetts (she married in 1947), and spent a memorable evening as their guest; since Mrs Fassett is both a Hungarian by birth and a musician, it was natural that we should have talked of Bartok; but, so far from boasting of her intimacy with the composer, she scarcely mentioned it. Perhaps at that date the experience was too recent to be recalled with equanimity; it may have needed a lapse of time before she could bring herself to piece together and examine the sad sequence of events. At all events, now that she has done so, her work carries conviction. The narrative is so intrinsically gripping that I believe one would read on merely to know what happened next, even if it concerned an imaginary genius instead of a real one; while, if the conversations are not substantially accurate, then Mrs Fassett has surely missed her vocation and should be a novelist.

Of all the European musicians who were uprooted by the political convulsions of the Thirties and Forties, Bartok was the most firmly rooted in his native land, the least cosmopolitan, the least assimilable, the most obstinately un-American. Mr Halsey Stevens, in his valuable monograph on the composer, quotes a letter which he wrote on the eve of his exile: 'The farewell is hard, infinitely hard. . . . Properly speaking, the journey is a leap from uncertainty to safe unbearableness.' He recognised his incompatibility with his adopted land – above all, with the resolute optimism of America: 'My intended letter [he writes to another correspondent] was to be a very long and un-American letter – complaints and complaints (here one must always feel fine and excellent even if dying).' Every now and then the reader of Mrs Fassett's chronicle, especially if he is of a sturdy and sensible turn of mind, will become exasperated with Bartok's complaints, his seeming ingratitude, his almost total unhelpability. Such a reader must continually remind himself of the many causes that explain, if they cannot wholly palliate, the composer's unkind behaviour to those who were doing their level best to smooth his path. First, he *was* dying: wasting away in his early sixties from a disease which the doctors could not diagnose, though eventually they agreed to call it leukaemia. Then he felt in many quarters not merely an indifference, but a positive hostility, to the music of whose value he must have been well aware; his comparative popularity among modern composers dates mainly from the advent of LP records, after his death. But there were also psychological reasons, far back, for his intense loneliness and self-withdrawal: his father's early death, an obsessive love for his mother, a dreadful skin disease that led him, as a small child, to shun all other human contact. Reacting fiercely against his own urban middle-class background, with its Germanised culture, he seems to have been fully happy only when wandering alone in the remote villages of Hungary and Rumania, collecting folksongs and absorbing with passionate attention the traditional peasant ways of life. Throughout the American years, it was to that rustic world, not to the cultivated circles of Budapest, that his thoughts returned in anguish.

Neither Bartok nor his second wife, who shared his exile and to whom this book is dedicated, ever came to terms with the glittering, mechanised New World. He loved everything which looked and felt and smelt genuine – that is to say, redolent of the earth and its animals; in prodigal America he could not bear to see the misuse or neglect of things which in a thrifty peasant household would have been saved and cherished for a lifetime. When he stayed with Mrs Fassett in the countryside of Vermont, his deepest feelings were outraged by the sight of untended fields or of an old barn filled with unwanted junk; and he was incapable for one moment of concealing these or any other emotions that possessed him. Along with this passion for order, he possessed physical senses of abnormal acuteness, and he felt with passionate intensity the perpetual drama of animate and even inanimate life in the fields and the woods where he loved to walk.

What makes Mrs Fassett's picture so absorbing is the unusually close and direct relationship it reveals between the composer and his music. The harsh integrity and aloof nobility of the music, its fierce dissonances alternating with extraordinary refinements of texture, especially those utterly original passages of 'night music' – on all this and much else her book sheds a most revealing light. But some mysteries remain. How was it that, while bewailing his lost creative powers, he seemed to need no more than a commission, from a Koussevitsky or a Menuhin, to set his invention freely flowing? And might we not have expected this last music of his, when it came, to show the unbearable desolation of the end of his Sixth Quartet (written just before he left Europe), rather than the resilience and relative geniality of these American works? It has been suggested that in them he was making a deliberate attempt to popularise his style; but no reader of this book will be likely to accept such an explanation, for the very notion of compromise was something quite unknown to Bela Bartok.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

The Ringing Grooves

The Industrial Muse: The Industrial Revolution in English Poetry. Compiled by JEREMY WARBURG. *Oxford.* 15*s.*

One's first impression on looking into this entertaining anthology is that the major poets of the period missed the bus – or, more precisely, the train. Here was the greatest social change of history and yet the poets seem scarcely to have noticed it. Admittedly, there are twenty-three poems about railways in this collection, but almost all are by insignificant poets, or by better poets being sententious (like Wordsworth) or boring (like Rossetti) or skittish (like Henley). The task of assimilating the new and exciting imagery of the machine fell to men who had neither the vision nor the language to manage it. Dryden might have been able to cope with it a hundred years before, but the minor poets of the early nineteenth century, struggling for the most part with a diction already out of date, could produce only the overblown rhetoric of the Railway Mania:

> Blessings on Science, and her handmaid Steam!
> They make Utopia only half a dream;
> And show the fervent, of capacious souls,
> Who watch the ball of Progress as it rolls,
> That all as yet completed, or begun,
> Is but the dawning that precedes the sun.
> (Charles Mackay)

The most enjoyable railway poems of the mid-century were, in fact, the lighter ones: the recitation style of William Cosmo Monkhouse or J. K. Stephen's concern about the lack of steam locomotion in the Lakes:

> Nature has done her part, and why
> Is mightier man in his to fail?
> I want to hear the porters cry,
> 'Change here for Ennerdale!'

Even the poets of the Thirties were somewhat uneasy about the machine, and Day Lewis did not help matters by asserting that 'Tennyson

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Collins

might, if he had chosen, have written a poem describing a train in terms of something else; but he could not be expected . . . to describe something else in terms of a train'. The ability to provide analogies is not an infallible test of poetic fitness, nor is it necessary, as many seem to think, that the new imagery should be pleasing to the poet.

Indeed, the most impressive poetry of the Industrial Revolution was written by men who feared and hated it. Blake's black prophesies, the grim, manufacturing horrors of Robert Buchanan, Thomas Cooper, and Edward Carpenter, or James Thomson's nightmare vision of the City – these show a more realistic attitude than Spender's pylons or Day Lewis's gasometers. Even the tone of Auden's famous 'slump' version of *Locksley Hall* was anticipated, years earlier, by Tennyson himself:

> There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor,
> And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor.

It is this undertone of revulsion that gives an unexpected sombreness to Mr Warburg's admirable anthology and prevents it from declining into a collection of amusing Victoriana.

Poets today, of course, have grown up to accept industry as their normal background. MacNeice and Spender celebrated it with virtuosity and adventurousness, Day Lewis, with a pleasingly gauche gallantry, Betjeman, with sophisticated sentiment. All are well represented here. Poets of still younger generations – of those not included one might mention Philip Larkin and Thom Gunn – take the industrial scene so much for granted that they are scarcely aware whether it is industrial or not. For my own part, a walk among the mines is as enjoyable as a walk among the mountains. But let us not persuade ourselves, on this account, that we are wiser than Wordsworth. The critics of the future will probably say that we, too, missed the bus and failed, in our time, to court the Atomic Muse.

NORMAN NICHOLSON

Ancient Mariners

The Art of Navigation in England in Elizabethan and Early Stuart Times. By DAVID W. WATERS. *Hollis & Carter*. 84s.

Christopher Columbus, The Mariner and the Man. By JEAN MERRIEN. *Odhams*. 25s.

Elcano, The First Circumnavigator. By MAIRIN MITCHELL. *Herder Publications*. 15s.

Now, when the long age of superficial discovery on earth is over, is the time to review and chronicle the men and methods that by the exploration of the world's surface have brought us to the point at which we now stand.

'For the past four thousand years,' begins Lord Mountbatten's foreword to Commander Waters's treatise, 'the Art of Navigation has been one of the most important contributions to the development of civilisation; for perhaps the greatest achievement of man in the ancient world was the realisation that he could explore new territories as a source of new materials.' Commander Waters's period is about 1550-1630, and the amount of painstaking research that must have gone into his 700 pages makes one wonder how he can have had time in his life for anything else. This was the era when the art of navigation rushed forward with an impetus seemingly comparable to the scientific developments of the last half century, and the author has covered the ground with a meticulous and scholarly care which must make his the definitive work on the subject. One must endorse the First Sea Lord when he says of the book, with its 46 appendices, 87 illustration, 43 diagrams, bibliography listing more than 200 works, and – at a guess – 2,000 footnotes, that it is a 'true *magnum opus*'. There can be few men with the knowledge to split hairs with Commander Waters, and fewer still who would wish to criticise the form and layout of this splendid monograph, which should be of as great interest to historians of the period as to students of maritime matters. This is a volume that it is a delight to handle.

M. Jean Merrien, in his *Christopher Columbus*, has chosen what seems a narrower field for research, but one containing a surprising number of mysteries. Nobody, to start with, really knows who Christopher Columbus was. His son Ferdinand, actuated by an intelligible curiosity, tried very hard to find out, until in 1523 Charles V issued an astonishing edict forbidding him to prosecute any further inquiries. M. Merrien, after an able and highly plausible discussion, reaches the conclusion that he was not, as we were brought up to believe, of a humble Genoese family of weavers, but one Colom, a corsair, one of René of Anjou's captains, companion and kinsman of Louis XI's Admiral Casenove-Coulon, (called, in the Italian texts, Colombo). He supports Las Casas (1561) in believing that Columbus was 'as certain of discovering what he did discover and of finding what he did find as if he had it under lock and key in his own house' – Columbus having obtained the information from an anonymous and dying pilot whom he befriended in Madeira in 1483. Gomara had said the same thing in 1554: 'Having learned of these new lands from the story of the pilot who died. . .' It was less than a year after this pilot's death that Columbus felt himself in a position to make daring proposals and demands to the King of Portugal. In fact M. Merrien's footnote to this question goes more than a step further: 'Could Columbus have "helped" this pilot to die, before he was able to publish his discovery? *Is fecit cui prodest* does not always hold; but this pilot was the second to have died opportunely'.

Columbus's flight from Portuguese justice for some grave and unrevealed crime is one more among many mysteries. The book is filled with historical gossip and controversial matters, yet one does not feel, despite his prophylactic apologies, that M. Merrien is partisan. He tells the full story of the four voyages in great detail, and with a wealth of intelligent conjecture and documentation. (Incidentally it was a revelation to me to learn that it was not Rider Haggard but Columbus himself who first thought of using an eclipse to strike terror and awe into the hearts of a primitive people). The character of Columbus emerges as ruthless, arrogant, deceitful and unlovable; a clever, perhaps a brilliant, mind – but without even the quality of leadership to lend it human perspective.

In *Elcano* Miss Mitchell sets Juan Sebastian Elcano, a Basque from Guetaria, firmly on his throne as the first circumnavigator of the world, completing his voyage in the *Victoria* in 1522. She notes with dismay that at the Festival of Britain in 1951 the name of Drake was displayed as the first to have sailed round the globe, and heard a visitor mutter 'Surely it was Magellan?' It was neither, for that Admiral was killed by hostile natives while commanding (precariously, for Elcano and others had already mutinied) the expedition that, after his death, Elcano led on to success – if not, seemingly, to fame. (Curiously, Commander Waters makes two references to Magellan as circumnavigator; it appears doubt-

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ful, however, whether he covered the ground, even putting his two earlier voyages together.) Elcano's presence in the fleet stemmed – perhaps not wholly insignificantly – from his illegal sale of an armed Spanish vessel; he took refuge, as it were, in the expedition, mutinied, was reinstated after a time in irons, and survived to complete the voyage as captain of the sole remaining ship. It was all rather like the ten little niggers, and the main cause for surprise is that between mutiny, murder, disease, hostile tribes and tempests, any of them survived at all. The same was true of his second voyage in 1525, when he succeeded the Captain-General of the expedition and outlived him by no more than six days. No full picture of Elcano's complex character ever quite emerges, though the author twitches at it patiently, as one may tug at the claws of an ensconced hermit crab.

Miss Mitchell's narrative style is somewhat jerky, and both her book and M. Merrien's are a little marred by a plethora of question marks – interrogatives to which the authors sometimes respond triumphantly and sometimes retort tartly that the questions are idle. But both books are highly readable, and both are the work of conscientious historians.

GAVIN MAXWELL

Major Offensives

Stalingrad. By HEINZ SCHRÖTER. Trans. CONSTANTINE FITZ GIBBON. *Michael Joseph.* 25*s.*

The Battle of the Ardennes. By ROBERT E. MERRIAM. *Souvenir Press.* 21*s.*

The Battle for the Rhineland. By R. W. THOMPSON. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Each of these three books tells the story of a major military offensive in the last war. The Stalingrad story is told by a German, the Ardennes story by an American, the story of the Rhineland offensive by an Englishman. The first two authors were witnesses of the events they describe. All three have important new information or an important new analysis to contribute on a critical phase of the war. Each has adopted the same general method, by switching the narrative to and fro between the strategic conferences at the summit and the movement on the battlefield of single platoons.

Stalingrad is the most important. Heinz Schröter was a war correspondent with Paulus's Sixth Army, and was deputed by Goebbels to write the official account of the battle. He was allowed access to all the secret files of the Supreme Command, but when he submitted his finished manuscript, it was rejected by Goebbels as 'intolerable to the German people'. It told the truth. He has now rewritten his account, inserting, one presumes, further criticisms of the conduct of the campaign which even he would not have dared to lay before Goebbels. But the notes which he took from the secret files are now incorporated in his book. We have the actual messages which passed between Hitler, Paulus, Manstein and Jodl, and, even more important, the records of conferences at the Sixth Army Headquarters and the wireless messages which passed between it and subordinate formations and the forces which were attempting to relieve Stalingrad from outside. They give a complete picture of what happened, and enable us to form certain conclusions.

Did Hitler sacrifice the Sixth Army unnecessarily? Schröter does not answer with an unqualified Yes. He believes that it was a basically correct decision to order Paulus to fight on once his army had been encircled, because his resistance tied up the forces which the Russians could have used to cut off the whole southern group of armies in the Caucasus. Millions of men would otherwise have been lost instead of 220,000. But it was a mistake, not wholly Hitler's, to have ignored the many indications that the Russians were about to attack the Stalingrad salient at the point where it was held by unreliable Rumanian divisions. It was also a mistake not to have permitted Paulus to attempt a break-out to the south-west at the moment when the Russian encircling army was as thin as a layer of meat-paste in a sandwich. This was Hitler's fault alone. 'He had an hysterical terror of losing ground,' writes Schröter. He continued to believe that it was possible both to hold Stalingrad and to release the necessary troops to make the break-out. He was wrong. But it was not unreasonable to suppose that the Fourth Panzer Army could break through from the south. They came within thirty miles of doing so. Paulus's men could see the flares from the distant battlefield, but they were still forbidden to attack southwards to join up with the relieving forces. Hitler argued that Paulus had only enough petrol for his tanks to make an advance of 18 miles. He could not risk leaving them immobile on the steppes before contact was made. There was something in this argument, and it is the only point in Schröter's clever narrative where he does not give a convincing answer to Hitler's apologists.

The Battle of the Ardennes boils down the five unpublished volumes written by the Historical Division of the US Army, of which Mr Merriam was chief of the Ardennes section. Here again, the author does not take the easy line of argument that the failure of the campaign was entirely Hitler's fault. It is true that Hitler tried to command the movements of individual divisions, as he did at Stalingrad, and that in Sepp Dietrich he chose a fanatical Nazi instead of a great general to command the Sixth Panzer Army. It is also true that even if the Germans had retaken Brussels and Antwerp, they could not have reconquered the whole of France. But that was not Hitler's intention. He needed a victory of some sort to show the German soldier that defeat was not inevitable. Mr Merriam nowhere specifically says so, but he would probably agree that the Ardennes offensive was as clever an employment of Hitler's limited reserves as could have been devised. It achieved complete surprise, in spite of the warnings (to which the author does not refer) which General Strong, Eisenhower's Intelligence chief, gave personally to Bradley. Bradley's answer was, 'Let them come', but he did nothing to reinforce the quiet Ardennes sector where four American divisions held a front of eighty miles. Eventually the attack was blunted by Montgomery's generalship and American courage. Bastogne was only one of several places where the German time-table was thrown out for long enough for the Allies to regroup and fight back. This book tells for the first time the story of these minor engagements. One is reminded of a set of hydraulic buffers gradually taking the strain of an engine which has broken loose.

The Battle for the Rhineland overlaps the Ardennes in time and place. It fills a gap in serious military writings between the partial failure of the Arnhem operation and the crossing of the Rhine at Wesel, and lays emphasis on the American attack in early November 1944 on the Roer River dams and the British attack in February through the narrow corridor between the Rhine and the Meuse. Mr Thompson does not mince his criticisms of commanders. 'It is certain that nothing approaching genius touched the Allied Generals,' he writes. Later in his book he is less harsh. He gives great credit to Montgomery for his handling of the Ardennes crisis, and to Eisenhower for sustaining his 'broad-front' policy and achieving his intention to destroy the German armies west of the Rhine. The process by which this triumph was accomplished makes deeply interesting reading, even though Mr Thompson abandons the plain narrative style of his earlier chapters for highly-coloured descriptions of misery and slaughter which are not always substantiated by the regimental histories.

NIGEL NICOLSON

New editions have appeared of Oliver Lawson Dick's edition of *Aubrey's Brief Lives* (Secker and Warburg, 35s.), of Francis Steegmuller's *Flaubert and Madame Bovary* (Hamish Hamilton, 25s.), and of Bertrand Russell's *ABC of Relativity* (Allen and Unwin, 15s.).

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A Selected List of Autumn and Winter Books

The books listed below are a selection from those which have been announced for publication between now and March, excluding reprints and children's books. For reasons of space, we have had to leave out some titles announced for this period, which had already appeared in our selected list last spring. Some prices are, of necessity, provisional.

Art and Architecture

W. G. ARCHER: India and Modern Art. *Allen & Unwin.* 35s.
JOHN BETJEMAN (Ed.): Collins Guide to English Parish Churches. *Collins.* 30s.
H.-R. HITCHCOCK: Architecture: Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries. *Penguin.* 63s.
GRANT MASON: Frank Lloyd Wright, Vol. I. *Chapman & Hall.* 80s.
RADHAKAMAL MUKERJEE: The Culture and Art of India. *Allen & Unwin.* 42s.
ROLAND PENROSE: Picasso: His Life and Work. *Gollancz.* 25s.
MARIO PRODAN: Chinese Art. *Hutchinson.* 30s.
ADRIAN STOKES: Greek Culture and the Ego. *Tavistock.* 12s. 6d.
MICHAEL SULLIVAN: Chinese Art in the Twentieth Century. *Faber.* 63s.
RUDOLF WITTKOWER: Art and Architecture in Italy, 1600 to 1750. *Penguin.* 63s.
NICHOLAS WOLKOFF: Russian Art. *Wingate.* 45s.

Autobiography, Memoirs, Letters

B. M. BARUCH: My Own Story. *Odhams.* 21s.
BRENDAN BEHAN: Borstal Boy. *Hutchinson.* 16s.
EDMUND BURKE (Ed. T. W. COPELAND): Correspondence: Vol. I. *Cambridge.* 55s.
ARTHUR CHRISTIANSEN: Christiansen of the Express. *Heinemann.* 25s.
MARY and PADRAIC COLUM: Our Friend James Joyce. *Gollancz.* 15s.
WILLIAM GEORGE: My Brother and I: Lloyd George. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30s.
G. P. GOOCH: Under Six Reigns. *Longmans.* 25s.
CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS: Along the Road to Frome. *Harrap.* 18s.
LORAN HURNSCOT: A Prison, a Paradise. *Gollancz.* 21s.
JOHN KEATS (Ed. H. E. ROLLINS): Letters: Definitive Edition. *Cambridge.* 6 gns.
LORD MONTGOMERY: Memoirs. *Collins.* 35s.
JAMES POPE-HENNESSY (Ed.): Queen Victoria at Windsor and Balmoral. *Allen & Unwin.* 15s.
MICHAEL SCOTT: A Time to Speak. *Faber.* 21s.

Biography

C. ANGOFF: H. L. Mencken. *W. H. Allen.* 21s.
ROBERT BALDICK: The Life and Times of Frederick Lemaître. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25s.
ANDRÉ BILLY: The Goncourt Brothers. *Deutsch.* 35s.
ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL: Havelock Ellis. *Hart-Davis.* 25s.
VINCENT CRONIN: A Pearl to India: Roberto de Nobili. *Hart-Davis.* 25s.
WILLIAM GERHARDI: The Life and Times of Lord Beaverbrook. *Heinemann.* 25s.
R. R. JAMES: Lord Randolph Churchill. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 36s.
ELIZABETH JENKINS: Elizabeth the Great. *Gollancz.* 21s.
ROY JENKINS: Sir Charles Dilke. *Collins.* 25s.
PHILIP MAGNUS. Kitchener. *Murray.* 30s.
B. R. NANDA: Mahatma Gandhi. *Allen & Unwin.* 30s.
CAROLA OMAN: David Garrick. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 42s.
HESKETH PEARSON: Johnson and Boswell. *Heinemann.* 30s.
ANTHONY RHODES: The Poet as Superman: d'Annunzio. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 25s.
GERALD SPARROW: Hugh Gaitskell. *Hale.* 18s.
CHRISTOPHER ST JOHN: Ethel Smyth. *Longmans.* 25s.
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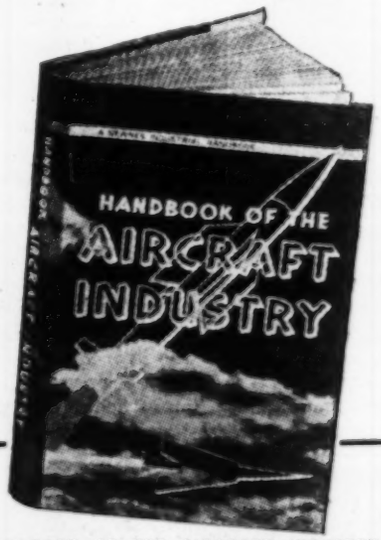

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Out On Their Own

A NUMBER of African and Caribbean writers have written novels in English in the last three or four years and two have been outstanding: Amos Tutuola of *The Palm Wine Drinkard* and George Lamming of *In the Castle of My Skin*. Others are Sylvester Stein, Peter Abrahams, John Hearne, Chinua Achebe and Edgar Mittelholzer. On the face of it, the English language is being used to open new veins of racial experience and is itself sometimes enriched and changed. The work of Tutuola specially encourages us to think that he is more than a cultural freak, marking a dead end or a byway and that he is bringing a new oral form to writing. We hear the soft, rusty, amazed voice of the African storyteller filling the fear of night with his words. But one cannot really tell; he may be the first and the last. There is no such thing as a homogeneous African literature; the coloured races are various and their cultures are as distinctive as white cultures. Far more may be lost than rescued by transference into the English tongue which neutralises and standardises regional memories. The educated African has before him the seductions and dangers of a conventional fluency. One has seen this among Indian and Pakistani writers who, whatever their merits, are mainly imitative. There is, I would guess, more hope for pidgin as far as literature is concerned; educated English has been stereotyped for success in administration and those who use it live in a literary past not their own. I do not know if there are any modern novelists writing in the African languages or whether, in translation, their work would travel; and I assume that the difficulty of the African or West Indian writer is that his work reaches mainly European or American audiences.

Tutuola is a folk artist, sophisticated by mission education. His latest book *The Brave African Huntress* is the fantastic tale of a girl huntress who goes on a frightful journey among the pygmies to find her brothers. Thousands of birds, snakes and animals stream past her when she is hiding in the forest:

> It was a great anger to me when it was the very moment that I wanted to shoot those animals that this stern pygmy began to shout greatly. For this reason I said with anger that 'We must greet the mother of a new born baby for safety delivery whether her baby would still die soon or not'; which meant if this pygmy would kill me or not I must challenge him first. And at the same moment that he travelled with shout to where I hid myself I asked from him with great anger 'By the way, you this stern huge pygmy, what are you shouting for? You hopeless thing!'

But the *Huntress* is a fairy tale and does not compare for richness of imagination and reference to Tutuola's earlier work. *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*, for example, was not only a collection of violent adventures, but it had density of imagination. On one plane, it was an exploration of the hatreds that arise from polygamy; on another it was an orgiastic study of the prevalence of ghosts – river ghosts, burglar ghosts, insect ghosts. There were touches of Bunyan and the Bible in the names of places – Nameless town, Hopeless town, Loss-or-Gain river – and, in the giant fantasy of the 'flash-eyed mother' who lights up towns and jungles and whose body occupies a place six miles round; and in the obscene terrors of being mutilated or eaten alive, there were psychological insights. Tutuola contrives a collusion of dream and person and his sense of both is exclusively pictorial and physical. For example, when his hero has a vision of his lost mother, he sees this vision in the sores of the palms of a female ghost's hands. The mind is never for a moment free of the body.

Things Fall Apart by Chinua Achebe, with its Yeatsian title, represents another African genre. The author is looking back on tribal memories and presents the savage society, before the white man came, as a static and rational one. We find the sensible peasant living that goes on day by day scarcely touched by the submerged beliefs; and the beginnings of anguish before the tyranny of some tribal practices. Many anthropologists have dramatised the beliefs at the expense of the good sense of daily life and have played down their usefulness as part of an elaborate insurance system. At the end of this book the missionaries and the white man come along to break up the system and we see this tragedy in the life story of Okonkwo, the great wrestler of a Nigerian village. He is tried out and destroyed from within by tribal laws which he naturally obeys but also by his own wilful character. He murders a child he really loves. He bows to exile. He sees himself succeeded by a son whose will and heart he has broken and whom he despises because the boy is physically weak. Okonkwo is destroyed from the outside by the Europeans. And in the suicide of this brusque, strong-willed man we have the moving symbol of the passing of traditional Africa. The writing is full of the tribal proverbs and has some vivid images, but it is levelled to rescuing the prosaic life of the tribe from the set pages of anthropologists and the fancies of white connoisseurs:

> But it was really not true that Okonkwo's palm kernels had been cracked for him by a benevolent spirit. He had cracked them himself. Anyone who knew his grim struggle against poverty and misfortune could not say he had been lucky. If ever a man deserved his success that man was Okonkwo. At an early age he had achieved fame as the greatest wrestler in all the land. That was not luck. At the most one could say that his *chi* or personal god was good. But the Ibo people have a proverb that when a man says yes his *chi* says yes also.

The Brave African Huntress. By AMOS TUTUOLA. *Faber*. 18*s*.

A Wreath for Udomo. By PETER ABRAHAMS. *Faber*. 15*s*.

Things Fall Apart. By CHINUA ACHEBE. *Heinemann*. 15*s*.

The Faces of Love. By JOHN HEARNE. *Faber*. 15*s*.
Second Class Taxi. By SYLVESTER STEIN. *Faber*. 15*s*.

Chinua Achebe is a young writer interpreting the past he has not known. I would say that, chronologically, the material of his next novel, if he writes one, might be more interesting; though it will be much more difficult to write.

For, as one can gather from Mr Peter Abrahams's *A Wreath for Udomo*, published in 1956 – and as one knows from dozens of works of travel – the African is now out on his own. His natural bent is towards the politics of liberation. Once he controls his own society and destiny he will recover identity. His profound need is political. Mr Abrahams takes a group of Africans in London and especially the fanatic Udomo, touches first of all their labour for African freedom and their love affairs with white women; and then takes the group back to Africa – it sounds like the Gold Coast – and shows Udomo's ruthless rise to rule. There can be no compromise with the mixed system of tribal and white authority. Every personal love and attachment must be sacrificed to political power. Udomo would probably agree with those students who believe that tribal African civilisation was a decadent form of a much higher, lost civilisation that preceded it, the memory of it surviving in the fragmentary accomplishment of the witch doctors. At any rate, Udomo's enemy is primitive Africa which is humanly and emotionally more satisfying or beguiling, but politically feebler than modern Africa. The primitive destroys him in a violent and very good scene at the end. We are to think of him, despite his crimes, as a martyr, and his defeat, at the end, is a symbolical success.

As a novelist, Mr Abrahams is conventional. His book is skilful, animated journalism of the kind that shrewdly collects types; as a contribution to an African literature in English, or as a statement of political experience, it is no more than good poster work. The love relationships in London are sentimental and banal and are cramped by the clichés of the magazine. They do not, I am sure, begin to describe the white-coloured intimacy, though we do catch the African's sense of being lost and an underlying hysteria.

But Sylvester Stein's *Second Class Taxi*, a story of Johannesburg, shows that we cannot generalise about a continent. Here we have a quicker, wittier novelist whose politics are slyer. In the comic character of Staffnurse Phofolo, we have a young vagrant who lives in a discarded drainpipe, who is in and out of prison and, like some coloured Good Soldier Schweik, is liable to become a political figure by accident. He has the art of vanishing and acting stupid and, between the help of a friendly white family and the power of survival he has learned on the rubbish dump, he quietly gets importance. Of course, unlike Udomo, Staffnurse is an underdog playing funny for the purposes of satire. Political power is not in his hands as it is in Udomo's Gold Coast; he can only annoy and use his remarkable wits. One expects the satire at the expense of the white families to be conventional in these African books, but Mr Stein's is not.

The West Indian writers, as far as I know them, are in a very different situation from the Africans. There is a greater mixture of culture and race and, to judge by George Lamming's

well-known *In the Castle of My Skin* – an autobiography of childhood in the Barbadoes – a stronger, articulate, cultural tradition. The European admixture with Indian and Negro is itself rich: there are Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, German and English. Mr Lamming's book suggested that there was wonderful material here and the possibility of a distinctive accent. The difficulty, again, is one of audience. The moment a writer like Lamming becomes distinguished as a poet and a novelist, he becomes as much an outsider as the foreign traveller is. Or, if he is able to avoid this, he feels the overwhelming pull of American or English traditions. Mr John Hearne – poorly represented in his last book, *The Faces of Love* – is another distinctive West Indian who, in an earlier book, *Voices Under the Window*, has described the tensions of those who return to the West Indies to test out their education. The scene of *The Faces of Love* is a newspaper office and it concerns the love affairs of an effusive and able woman, the child of German and negro parents. Promiscuous, careless, domineering, skilful, she is a full-blooded character and well drawn, but the tale does not amount to much more than a reporter's account of love in a hot climate, as any European or American might have written it. It ends with tame moralisations about what is the best kind of love and how fatal possessiveness is. I do not know how representative Mr Hearne is, but he is a capable writer. There appears to come a point when belonging to the scene is a danger when the mind is elsewhere. It is too much to ask that the culture a writer belongs to should be himself alone, and I imagine – though my reading may be inadequate – that this is the West Indian writer's difficulty.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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The Affluent Society. By J. K. GALBRAITH. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*

Professor Galbraith has always been a unique phenomenon in economics. For one thing, he can write English, as no one since Keynes; for another he has a profound politico-sociological interest; and last and most important, he has prodigious moral courage. His books are profound and witty exercises in iconoclasm. In a flash he bares the emptiness of what he calls 'conventional wisdom' and is fearless in pursuing his criticism to a constructive solution.

In his *American Capitalism*, which is in many ways the companion of this volume, he showed that traditional economics could play no part in explaining (and therefore defending) the American economic system. His analysis showed how utterly different it was from the traditional assumption of the 'free' markets of small independent units blindly obeying 'natural' law imposed by the Invisible Hand. He invoked the rise of 'countervailing' forces – large corporations and large trade unions, large productive and large marketing units – to explain the success of the system.

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duction is no longer a response to needs; needs have to be created in order that the machine can be kept moving. This he calls the 'dependence effect'. He convincingly shows that it is absurd to give the magnitude of productive capacity and production absolute priority in economic analysis and policy, irrespective of *what* is produced and *how* the composition of production is determined; equally absurd is the assumption that the consumers' sovereign still effectively rules our economic system.

In this new world of modern mass-production, the old analysis based on scarcity and want gives the wrong answers:

> Keynes did not foresee that the rapid expansion in output which was implicit in his ideas would soon bring us to the time when not total output but its composition would become the critical matter. Had he survived, he would no doubt have been perturbed by the tendency of his followers to concentrate their policy on the single goal of increased output. He did not lack discrimination. But his followers or some of them will almost certainly continue to protect the Keynesian system, with its concentration on aggregate demand and output, from ideas which Keynes might have been disposed to urge. Such is the fate of anyone who becomes a part of the conventional wisdom.

This preoccupation with production endangers the safety and long-run viability of the 'free' world. It endangers safety not only because productive capacity is not available for defence: it is pre-empted for the satisfaction of artificially created wants. Even worse, it cannot assign sufficient resources for those basic needs of the community which cannot conveniently (or possibly) be satisfied within the market system. It endangers amenity because the competitive urge does not embrace collective needs: city planning, rural preservation, the creation of cultural environment do not yield higher production, and thus they are neglected. At the same time the affluence of society has produced a fundamental impact on politics, and weakened the chance of resolving our problems. The great issues rallying the progressive parties – inequality and insecurity – have lost their bite. Left and Right are menaced by the same intractable economic problems, especially high prices, and the voters' confusion is not resolved by determined leadership from the Left.

From this revolutionary analysis Professor Galbraith evolves his remedies. Stability should be achieved by divorcing social security from production: a graduated unemployment benefit should be given to the unemployed, which rises towards the actual wage as unemployment grows (Cyclically Graduated Compensation). Social balance is to be redressed by increasing the income devoted to collective needs, through the introduction of a sales tax, which increases directly with income.

A British reader is inevitably compelled to compare Professor Galbraith's rethinking with our own 'rethinkers'. The preoccupation with production, stability and equality which leads to such strange nostrums preached in the Labour Party will not find any support in this book. No one who has read Galbraith will accept American 'statism' (which ceased to 'grow' ever since its perfection was so loudly proclaimed on the basis of its success in securing output) as the *beau idéal* for a progressive, let alone Socialist, Party. He has brilliantly performed an essential task of debunking, even for Britain.

Yet those in this country who, like this journal, have for years sustained a very similar viewpoint, must wonder whether Professor Galbraith's analysis is complete. Why do the Americans go to these absurdities? Why should the death rate in the upper classes begin to surpass that of the poor, as executives are driven towards thromboses and ulcers? Surely there is more to it than merely anachronistic economic theory (however important it may be as a rationalisation). And will the Cyclically Graduated unemployment benefit really deal with inflation, the central currrent preoccupation of Anglo-Saxon political parties? The answer is: no. Anticipated maintenance of demand will rob unemployment of its terror and wage-bargains will continue as before in disregard of national needs. Professor Galbraith's new 'countervailing' power will be as powerless to deal with inflation as his old. Nor will collective needs receive due consideration despite the sales taxes, so long as they are not backed by high-pressure salesmanship.

The flaw in our present socio-economic system, whose manifestations Professor Galbraith analyses so brilliantly, goes much deeper than he admits. Traditional economics are absurd in not merely rich societies: the total disregard in practice of the pain and grief caused by uncontrolled market forces yields wrong answers in any community. The obsession with the consumer's choice is wrong everywhere. Indeed, it is strange that the problem of foreign economic relations, of the moral obligation to aid poorer countries, does not figure in his 'social balance'. Nevertheless, Professor Galbraith's scathing criticisms should be read above all by those called to assist underdeveloped areas to free themselves from the thraldom of want: only concentration on social priorities will safeguard our efforts from being wasted in Cadillacs and luxury housing or from causing unemployment and unbalance. The dependence effect is a universal phenomenon even if it is mixed up in poorer areas with the problem of primeval poverty. Unless the strategy of development is framed so as to eliminate its hold our efforts will fail to produce social harmony. (Conversely, it will be far more difficult in an affluent society to change the system. The vested interests of salesmanship increase with affluence and will fiercely resist their own elimination. How serious the problem is can be seen by the fact that though the power of the insurance-man was nothing to that of the modern mass-communication agency, it recently defied all democratic effort at reform.)

Public ownership both eliminates the motive for pushing production for its own sake and provides the means for an increase in collective consumption without having to raise taxation. It represents a real solvent to the problems raised by Galbraith, though it might for political reasons be restricted to parts of the system (but these parts will certainly have to be far wider than now contemplated by Labour). In America such further questioning would rule the book—which has had an immense and beneficent sale—immediately out of bounds. But in this happier, though less affluent, community we can congratulate Professor Galbraith on yet another brilliant attack on obscurantism, and yet go behind and beyond his analysis. Only ruthlessly clear thinking and reform can possibly safeguard the survival of the West against the imminent technical advantages of the Communist menace.

THOMAS BALOGH

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For Fans and Squares

Duke Ellington, His Life and Music. Edited by PETER GAMMOND. *Phœnix House.* 25s.

Second Chorus. By HUMPHREY LYTTELTON. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15s.

Jam Session: An Anthology of Jazz. Edited by RALPH J. GLEASON. *Peter Davies.* 18s.

The literature of jazz has so far been much like that of gastronomy or yachting, a type of writing addressed almost exclusively to a public of converts, if not of monomaniacs. There is nothing wrong with this. The fact that Mr Peter Gammond's excellently edited *Duke Ellington* will hardly be bought by anyone who is not already convinced that Ellington deserves a book to himself cannot be used against it, especially as (happily) every intelligent jazz-lover has long had an almost boundless admiration for the finest – perhaps still the only important – jazz composer and the finest jazz orchestra. And yet, converts are always proselytisers. The world of jazz of which the actual sounds are only one part, is so captivating, peculiar and moving a universe that everyone with the faintest interest in humanity ought, we think, somehow be made to see its attractions. But the writing which satisfies the insiders is not often suited to persuade the squares.

Fortunately, the three books under review all contain, in varying proportions, something to interest the general reader. Even the Ellington volume has two long biographical pieces which can be enjoyed without ever having heard a jazz record: Richard Boyer's *New Yorker* profile 'The Hot Bach' and Daniel Halperin's memories of the Ellington band in Canada. The critical and analytical chapters are of more specialised interest. They are useful rather than brilliant, though two of the four surveys of Ellington's records – Peter Gammond's on the 1920s and Charles Fox's on the 1930s – are models of their kind. There are also studies of Ellington as a pianist and composer, of his various orchestral suites, about which opinion remains divided, a discography and a valuable stylistic guide to the individual musicians by J. Aldam.

Humphrey Lyttelton's *Second Chorus* is a casual, under-rehearsed sort of book without

much continuity, and not free from clichés, especially of the 'British sense of humour' type. But this hardly matters. In literature, as in music (and drawing), Humph has style, intelligence, and considerable personality. He is, in fact, a natural writer and raconteur, with a capacity for sharp first-hand phrases. His set pieces – the jazz band at a deb dance, the sad experiences of Louis Armstrong with the Royal Philharmonic, jazz appreciation among the Swiss – are very funny indeed. About jazz he talks with authority, good sense and a slight chip on the shoulder. The fans will argue madly about the book, but in spite of the author's reluctance to have the NEW STATESMAN breathing hotly down his neck every time he lifts his trumpet to blow (p. 24) I imagine many of the squarer readers of this journal will be tempted to look over his shoulder.

Ralph Gleason's anthology of jazz writing is that rare kind of book which can be equally enjoyed by the layman and the enthusiast. This is chiefly because the editor (who introduces his choices unobtrusively) has assumed that his readers are intelligent adults. Here we have several of those first-person narratives by musicians which are the chief pride of jazz writing – Leadbelly's explanation of the blues, Jellyroll Morton's famous account of a New Orleans funeral, Bunk Johnson's on his early days – and some remarkably fine pieces of American reporting, which include a brilliant poker-faced account by Lillian Ross of a Newport Jazz Festival. A musician explains how a jam session works; the editor, the operations of the jazz business in the USA; Anatole Broyard, the nature of the 'hipster'. The curious may read some of the 'beat generation's' chaotic attempts to combine jazz and poetry. Some of the contributions are mediocre, and the style often a little too highly spiced, but on the whole this is a remarkably fine bedside book. Any citizen who, after reading it, cannot understand at least something of the fascination of jazz, may be regarded as totally immune to it.

FRANCIS NEWTON

New Novels

Daddy's Gone A-Hunting. By PENELOPE MORTIMER. *Michael Joseph.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Lost Summer. By CHRISTOPHER DAVIS. *Hart-Davis.* 18*s.*

Mrs Mortimer is such a feminine writer that I wonder whether her new novel can be recommended to women. And if I were the proprietor of a woman's magazine I would do my best to suppress *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting*. It shows the ideals of the women's magazines, high and low, as degrading and tribal. Here, on the Common, sixty miles from London, you have the ideal society:

> The people who live on the Common are wealthy. They need high-powered cars to reach their otherwise inaccessible homes and they need high-powered homes to make the journey worth while. Like a class in school, they are all much the same age, wear the same sort of clothes and specialise, with only slightly varying degrees of success, in the subject of money.

The women want for nothing. Their only duty is to fulfil the functions imposed on them by Nature, Fashion, their husbands, themselves: they have well-bred children, wear well-chosen clothes and entertain well-chosen friends. They resemble one another. For five days of the week, while their husbands are in London, 'gone a-hunting', they are alone. This is the ideal: living has been reduced to a rite. Ruth Whiting is one of these women. She was caught young. She became pregnant at eighteen and an uncongenial marriage was forced upon her. Her husband has become a successful dentist; she has borne three children; outwardly, she is a complete 'Commoner'. But she is close to no one; not to her husband, nor her daughter, the cause of her marriage, nor her sons. Her husband is irritable and nagging; his only pleasure in coming to the Common at week-ends is to enjoy his status as a Commoner and, in the vacations, to see his sons. He has a mistress in London; seldom has adultery been made to seem so joyless, perfunctory and drab.

The novel gets going when Ruth's daughter, Angela, who is up at Oxford, becomes pregnant by an undergraduate she does not wish to marry and in whom Ruth sees a potential 'hunter'.

> He would be a success. In another twenty years he might even own a house on the Common. To love him would be to hold up a heavy mirror month after month, year after year, in which he could see his own manliness reflected; to grow behind it, older and weaker and certainly, in the end, to give way.

Angela must not marry this man. She must be saved. And Ruth, fighting her own nervous prostration and her daughter's indifference, schemes and lies to bring this about. Angela does not understand what she is being saved from. When she does, it is too late. Angela, who 'has only just begun to be a child', has to go back to Oxford.

> For the first time she had luggage. Her bedroom was stripped of everything, pictures, ornaments, cushions. . . . She had, in fact, moved. She had gone as quietly and purposefully as leaving a hotel in which she had spent a long night of childhood.

Mrs Mortimer writes with an astringency that has been provoked by deep compassion. Her book is well composed and always beautifully written. On occasion the action creaks, but it is, on the whole, convincing, the result of a very definite individual vision. I wish, however, that the story had been more concretely set. The background, though wittily described, is far too general and vague; the novel seems suspended in mid-air. This is a pity, for though Mrs Mortimer's Common does not of course exist, she has some very sound things to say. Some of my best friends are feminists. Women are their despair.

Lost Summer is a first novel of unusual merit. Mr Christopher Davis has chosen a bold theme and handled it with skill. A New England girl of respectable family is raped, and the matter is reported in detail in the local paper. The victim gets little sympathy. Suspicion and rejection, even at home, make her question her own innocence. This leads to indifference, then to neurotic self-debasement. Mr Davis works out his story very well indeed. He is at times mechanical and long-winded, and not always convincing. But there are also times when his novel acquires a certain depth, becoming, more than a story of a town's reaction to a girl's misfortune, a study of adolescent corruption, the corruption that amazes and frightens the young and can encourage a wilful abuse of the body. The sense of decay is sharpened by the detail of the jazzy, neon-lit background – the drug-stores with their chromium and plastic decor, the restaurants, the callow intellectual chatter. Mr Davis preserves a compassionate detachment which adds to the horror of the situation. Unfortunately, this detachment also makes some of the action incomprehensible. But *Lost Summer* is never less than gripping. I read it at a sitting. For all his uncertainties, Mr Davis is a real discovery. His description of the rape, and the events leading up to it, is masterly. And though his subject is unpleasant, he never offends.

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I suggest the division of the prize money among the authors whose entries are printed. Runners-up are Livingstone K. Bluntmore, J. R. Till, G. J. Blundell, H. A. C. Evans, M. H.

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FROM A CABINET MINISTER

Your loyal service, dear Miss Smart,
Has deeply touched me in that part
Which private members call their heart.

Through Agriculture, Health and Food,
Your double-spacing matched my mood.
You brewed the tea, while others booed.

And when I nearly lost my seat
By asking Randolph in to eat,
You put the poison in his meat.

Accept this M.B.E. and grade
As Personal Assistant (Trade).
You'll understand . . . the post's unpaid.

GUY HADLEY

FROM A HEADMISTRESS

Miss Binks! – or may we make it 'Binkie' now
That we've so many school suspenses shared?
The day our plumbing went all anyhow,
The night we found the San. with sheets unaired,
The breakfast-beetles in our Quaker Oats,
The hockey-match when Matron went berserk,
The Parents' Meeting when I lost my notes
And muddled Jenny Boote with Jessie Burke,
The Prefects' Riot when we raised the hem –
(By Jove, those gels can fight! We never knew.)
All this brings back the little apothegm:
Omnes eodem cogimur – and you
The foremost, Binkie, of our pioneers!
This is Your Day; and though we break a rule,
Tonight in Hall we'll give three rousing cheers:
Oh, *good* old Secretary to the School!

PAMELA SINCLAIR

Let not the dawn of Secretarian Day
Strike rosy-finger'd on the silent keys
Where you, that such a virtuous skill display,
Take down my words, to warn, instruct or please,
Before I lay thereon this halting verse,
Sincerest tribute of a grateful Head
Embolden'd thus your praises to rehearse,
Penning what may not in dull prose be said.
No mystery to you the mimeograph,
Timetables' tangled webs your touch can smooth;
When Parents, Children, Governors or Staff
Torment my soul, you are at hand to soothe.
May Time nor Trouble part us, scribe and friend,
'Til the last day of our last Term shall end.

ALBERICK

FROM A BIG BUSINESSMAN
(*in appreciation of willing service*)

Dear —— your favour 7th ult
While giving cause for satisfaction
Did not forecast this net result
Outwith the terms of our transaction.
The encreased figure you now mention –
Less coverage – I need not say,
Will have considerate attention:
I shall indent for your outlay
Until such time as your decision
To take delivery or no
Requires some adequate provision
Consistent with the *status quo*.
I trust you will approve this scheme
And know how anxiously I wait
The further proof of your esteem –
Not, may I hope? in duplicate.

P. M.

FROM A FILM STAR

In your tempory abcense *I* done it,
But I'm terrably glad that your back.
You can probly imagine the fun it
Will be when you give *me* the sack!
The fanmail piled up something cronic;
I run out of photos of me
And I've been having large gins and tonic
Instead of your nice cups of tea.
I sent round for help to the agents
But nobody come that was bright.
One saucy hound I finaly crowned
Said he had'nt come up here to write.
And is'nt typing exciting.
I wish I'd been lernt it before.
Its ever so quicker than writing,
But gosh, is my poor finger sore!

W. G. DAISH

City Lights

Polly Esther's Earnings

The Calico Printers Association, fans of the Monopolies Commission will remember, is one of those cotton industry giants whose strength is rapidly failing them. Its outbursts of vigour (Calpreta and drip-dry have been the latest) are less frequent, the weight of competition is increasingly difficult to bear. But Calico Printers, unlike the majority of its contemporaries, has a child to help support its age. Seventeen years ago, in its research laboratories, the polyester fibre was discovered which du Pont sells in America as Dacron and which ICI sells in this country as Terylene. The American patent was sold outright, but royalty income from the ICI licence and sub-licences is now half the group's income.

The trouble is, of course, that patents do not last for ever. The British patent, which has been producing most of the income, expired in June. Both Calico Printers and ICI hope that it will be renewed for a period of up to ten years but it is quite uncertain whether it will be – particularly since British Celanese (now part of the Courtaulds group, whose rayon is doing almost as badly as cotton at the moment) decided to oppose the application for renewal. The company will not know for some time to come whether it stands to lose an important part of its income, and shareholders, the greater part of whose dividend is declared in the form of a temporary-sounding bonus, will remain anxious. This situation has existed for some months and the price of the shares had already fallen considerably when a week ago it suddenly dropped another 20 per cent. to its lowest level of the year. The drop followed an announcement that ICI intended to join with the Celanese Corporation of America in manufacturing and selling Teron, a Terylene-type fibre, in the United States; the market seems to have supposed that ICI was in some way deserting the ship and that Calico Printers was now definitely finished. In fact, the announcement does not affect Calico Printers at all; ICI is apparently getting ready to compete with Dacron when the US patents run out in 1961 but these patents were sold outright to du Pont some years ago. The intriguing point about the ICI-Celanese combination is that it makes one wonder what the pattern will be here if British Celanese opposition to the renewal of the patent is successful.

* * *

Sir Harold Gillett, who has been elected as the new Lord Mayor of London is commonly known as the company doctor, because in a number of cases he has been called in to cure companies suffering from severe constitutional upsets. These cures have so far tended to drag out somewhat longer than expected. Will Sir Harold, in his short term, be more successful than his predecessors in emending the City Corporation?

* * *

Mr Julian Hodge is a man of many parts. He has gained a good deal of publicity lately through the activities of his Investors Protection association, the object of which is to secure better terms for shareholders in take-over bids. Mr Hodge is a dedicated man. A company taken over a year ago by his Gwent and West of England Enterprises has just announced that its profit has become a loss and that its dividend has been cut from 15 to 2½ per cent. His bid, it is clear, saved shareholders from the unpleasant fate which has now overtaken the company.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 464. He Who Laughs Last

Well, it's really no laughing matter, R & P endings never are; they are about the most tricky, most puzzling most exasperating (and, hence, most exhilarating) propositions in the game. And full of surprises, such as this position (Neustadt-Volkevic, Moscow 1958) reported by Dr. Euwe in one of his excellent endgame-analyses for *Schach-Echo*. It looks so harmlessly simple and so easily predictable. White will have to give up his R for the P, and a few moves later Black will have to do likewise. Obviously a draw, isn't it? Well, let's see: (1) . . . K-B6; (2) P-B4, K-K5!; Black, avoiding the obvious line, evidently has ambitions. (3) P-B5, R-R3 ch; (4) K-K7. Since (4) K-Q7, K-Q4; (5) P-B6, R-R2 ch would cost the P anyway, the White K girds his loins for a forced march to h2; (4) . . . K-Q4; (5) K-B7, K x P; (6) K-Kt7, R-R6; (7) K-Kt6, K-Q5; (8) K-Kt5, K-K6; (9) K-Kt4, R-R1; (10) K-Kt3, R-Kt8 ch! The point of Black's surprise. He now has a forced win since White mustn't take the P for fear of . . . K-B7 threatening a mate that could only be staved off at the expense of the R. The diagram position is an interesting border-case; with the White P on d3 or e3 the win would be easy, but with the P on b3 it would be impossible.

And now, just to prove once again (if proof were needed) how useful a knowledge of endgame studies may come in for one's final triumph in a practical game, here's the famous Gurvitch-study which, undoubtedly was part of Volkevic's armoury for winning the above-mentioned game. 16/6P1/8/5p1k/r7/6K1/2R5. The key-move for White's win is (1) R-KKt1. Now . . . R-Kt6 ch is refuted by (2) K-B2, and . . . R-R2 by (2) K-B3; hence, Black's best line is . . . . R-R1; (2) P-Kt7, K-R4; (3) K-B3, R-KKt1; (4) K x P, K-R3, (5) K-B5! and the P is taboo.

And just to show how an unfavourable K-position may lead to an equally surprising draw, here's a Kopayev study. 6K1/3k2P1/24/2r5/1p6/6R1. After (1) R-QKt1, R-B7; (2) K-B7, R-B7 ch; (3) K-Kt6, R-Kt7 ch; (4) K-B6 Black seems lost, since . . . R-B7 ch; (5) K-K5, R-Kt7 would fail against (6) R x P, R x P; (7) R-Kt7 ch. However, Black has the saving grace of (4) . . . K-Q3; (5) R x P, R x R; (6) P=Q, R-B7 ch, etc.

A: Moore 1958

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position, in which White played Q x P. Trying, unwisely, to recoup himself by . . . Q x P Black was drastically punished. How? B (a draw) is easy for 6 ladder-points, C (a win) not too difficult for 7. It's one of many 1st prize winners left us by the great Czech composer who died recently at the age of 77. Usual prizes. Entries by 13 October.

B: L. Kubbel 1916

C: M. Havel 1926

REPORT on No. 461. Set 13 September

A: BxB would have won easily; but after (2) P-Kt7??, BxP; (3) BxB, Black drew by . . . K-Q3 etc.

B: *Key:* B-R6

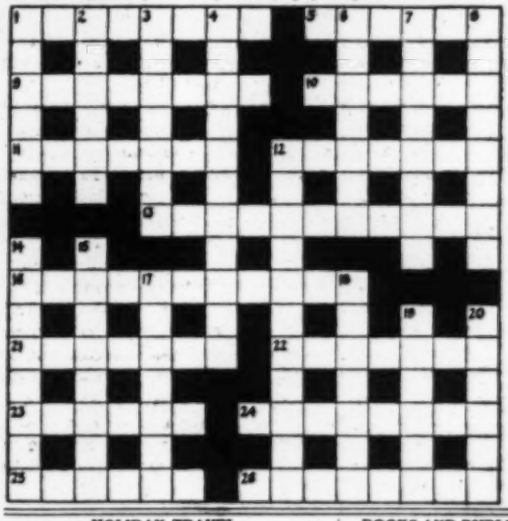
C: (1) Kt-Q6, Kt-Kt2; (2) Kt-K4, Kt-Kt1; (3) K-B8, Kt-Kt2; (4) K-K7?, K-Kt1; (5) Kt-B6 ch, K-R1; (6) K-B7, Kt-B4; (7) Kt-K4, Kt-Kt2; (8) Kt-Q6, Kt-K1 (B4); (9) K-B8 etc. or (4) . . . Kt-K1; (5) K-B7, Kt-Kt2; (6) Kt-Q6, Kt-B4; (7) K-B8 etc.

Prizes shared by M. P. Furmston and J. J. Walsh who gave the author's solution in C. A careful check will be made as to whether (1) Kt-R6 is a dual. If so, a good many competitors will get full marks.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 323

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 323, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 14 Oct.



ACROSS

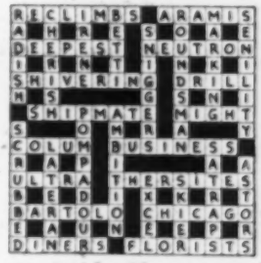
1. Midges do change into powerful beings (8).
5. Something out of place if returning in bad visibility (6).
9. The purser is ruined, and this produces amazement (8).
10. My uncomfortable place in India (6).
11. Detective story writer and mural expert? (7).
12. Woman who is not bitter with a revolutionary (7).
13. With emphatic action a dead emperor returns in charge of a friendly power (11).
16. The wise man places a letter in front of a woman about pools permutations (11).
21. People whose answer follows the usual pattern (7).
22. Two men and a plant (7).
23. Colour nothing follows in archaeological activity (6).
24. With a band round the head, celebrated if the sick were absent (8).
25. The chatterbox needs something to stop him talking about the service-men's retreat (6).
26. Blind performance with oval ball (8).

DOWN

1. Cast off and plant in a row (6).
2. The confidence of a man without sign of alternative (6).
3. Wreath for a star (7).
4. Hooligans who make crazy speed on winding English roads (11).
6. Delightfully rural (7).
7. Measure of pedal control? (8).
8. Times which may make us steady (8).
12. Organising a union for light industry? (11).
14. Beating with a nine-inch ruler (8).
15. Those interested in the arts have very cheap trips in India (8).
17. Pain which makes a tail go twisted (7).
18. The service-men escaped and ran lots (7).
19. Part of a typewriter which is retarded in the middle (6).
20. Bowler who, when running up, puts years on the inexperienced (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 321



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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8 MAI. 3030.

MOUNTAINEERING: Books, prints, maps. Secondhand. Send for lists. Chyngton Books, Seaford, Sussex.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. DIV. 6807.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

'BEHIND These Race Riots' by D. N. Pritt, QC; 'How the Labour Party Became What It Is' by R. Palme Dutt; 'China's Islands' by I. Epstein. In the October Labour Monthly. 1s. 8d. post free or 9s. half yearly from Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

LE Livre Français s'achète chez Hachette, 127 Regent Street, W1.

RESEARCH Communications 8: 'Living Language, Craftsmanship & Creative Process' and 'The Common Enemy', 3s. 2d. post free from Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

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The Olivetti company of Italy has established, in Milan, a subsidiary for the production of silicon and germanium transistors and diodes and is now looking for the 'right person' to head the development laboratory which is already in existence.

If you are interested in working with this group, and are willing to move to Italy, please write, giving the fullest possible information, to:—

Ing. C. Olivetti & C. S.p.A.,
(Project TDL),
Ivrea,
Italy.

The successful applicant would be expected to bring to this new firm fairly well-defined ideas on the development of transistor manufacture in Europe. He would be expected to contribute to policy formation in the firm. Applicants should be between 35 and 45 and have spent not less than 5 years in transistor development; have the degree MSc (Physics); and be willing to learn Italian.

Salary will be commensurate with ability and experience, and the expenses of moving to Italy will be met by the firm. Applications must be submitted not later than twenty days from the appearance of this advertisement. All applications will be acknowledged. Interviews will be in London.

A SECRETARY TO RESEARCH MANAGER

is required by

CIBA (ARL) Limited, Manufacturers of synthetic resins, to work at Duxford, near Cambridge. The post requires a high standard of shorthand and typing (although copy typing assistance is available) and applicants should also have administrative ability. Much of the work is of a scientific nature and some previous technical experience would be useful. Ability to translate German would be an additional qualification.

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Trained CHILD CARE OFFICERS are urgently needed. One-year courses at Birmingham, Liverpool and Southampton Universities and the London School of Economics are available to holders of social science, teaching, or health visiting qualifications. Graduates in other subjects and with suitable experience can also be considered. Grants are available towards fees and maintenance. For courses starting October, 1959, candidates are asked to apply before 31 January. Information from Central Training Council in Child Care, Room 518 (44D) Horseferry House, London, SW1.

CHERRY KNOWLE HOSPITAL

Ryhope, Nr. Sunderland

SENIOR CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST (full-time) required at the above Mental Hospital. The post is a new one and the person appointed will be expected to organise and maintain a full psychological service for this hospital and its associated out-patients clinics. Opportunities for research may be available. Salary £1,050 per annum rising by 9 annual increments to £1,445. Applications giving names of two referees should be sent to the Group Secretary at the above address as soon as possible

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LEADER for Adventure Playground in S London required. Part-time with a view to full-time. Box 3278.

CAREERS Problems Consult the Vocational Guidance Association 37a Devonshire Street, W1 WEL. 8017

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EAST Africa High Commission. Statisticians, East African Statistical Department. Candidates should have a good Honours degree preferably in Economics with Statistics as a main subject. The latter is not essential provided that Statistics has been included in the degree course and the candidate has a good knowledge of statistical methods and the handling of statistical data. Experience desirable of work in a government or commercial statistical organisation or post graduate research in economic analyses or statistical surveys. Age limit 40. Appointment may be pensionable or on contract terms, inclusive salary scale £939-£1,863, point of entry determined by experience. Gratuity of 13½% of salary if appointment is on contract. Income tax at local rates. Free passages on first appointment and on leave for officer and family. Liberal home leave on full salary. Government quarters, when available, at moderate rental. Application forms and further particulars from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, SW1, reference BCD 59/88/02.

BBC invites applications for Reserve List of Russian Monitors (based at Caversham, near Reading) to provide candidates for future vacancies. Duties include listening to and selective reporting of contents of news and other broadcasts from abroad. Idiomatic knowledge of Russian, perfect hearing, sound knowledge of world affairs, ability to type and translate into good English essential. Short-listed candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Starting salary £825 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with promotion to salary range £970-£1,340 when fully proficient. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference C.782 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

MINISTRY of Supply Research and Development Establishments, mainly in southern half of England, require (a) Senior Scientific Officers (min. age 26) and (b) Scientific Officers for work in Physics, electronics, electrical or mechanical engineering, applied mathematics, aerodynamics, chemistry or metallurgy. 1st or 2nd class hons. Degree or equiv. required and for SSO at least 3 years' post graduate experience. Starting salary in range (a) £1,130-£1,330, (b) £595-£1,050 (male, in provinces). Rates for women reaching equality in 1961. Superannuation under FSSU. Opportunity for those under 32 to compete for established posts. Candidates should indicate fields of work in which interested. At National Gas Turbine Establishment, Pyestock, Hants, houses available for letting to married staff, and opportunities for new graduates to have workshop training. Forms from MLNS Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, SW1 (quote A.300/8A).

GOVERNMENT Information Services. Pensionable posts for men and women as (a) Senior Information Officer, (b) Information Officer, (c) Assistant Information Officer in the Central Office of Information and other Government Departments, requiring good standard of general education, lively interest in current affairs, wide general knowledge, and experience in one or more of: general publicity work, journalism and editing, preparation of reference material, films and photographs. Good publicity sense and organising ability essential for (a) and (b). Knowledge of Government organisation an advantage. London salary scales (men): (a) £1,350-£1,605, (b) £1,110-£1,285, (c) £385 (at 18) to £685 (at 25), rising to £1,050. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 76/58. Closing date 16 October 1958.

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UNIVERSITY of London—Goldsmiths' College. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Education in the Training Department. Ability to teach Educational Psychology an advantage. Salary scales: Men, £886-£1,248; Women, £836-£1,148, with equal pay increments. Applications, 3 copies stating special interests and names of three referees, as soon as possible to Warden, Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, London, SE14, from whom further particulars obtainable.

THE International Co-op. & Socialist Youth Hostels, Ltd, requires a part-time Warden for the Harold Laski Hostel. Single accommodation. The applicant should be active in social democratic organisation. Apply to the Secretary, 8 Gayfere Street, London, SW1 before 8 October. Interview on invitation on 11 October.

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SURREY Education Committee. Youth Service. Esher, Molesey Youth Club. Full-time Leader. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for the post of full-time Club Leader at the Molesey Youth Club, Esher. The Club meets in its own premises and caters primarily for Boys and Girls of 15-20 years of age who have left school. Applicants should have had practical experience in mixed Youth Club work and a recognised diploma or certificate of training in youth leadership is desirable. Salary Men £500 × £25 to £750; Women £460 × £20 to £680 p.a. plus London allowance. Application forms and further particulars obtainable on receipt of stamped, addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames and should be returned not later than Saturday, 11 October 1958.

SURREY Education Committee, Wimbledon Community Association – Organising Secretary/Warden. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men for the post of Organising Secretary of the Wimbledon Community Association and Warden of the Community Centre. Applicants must have organising ability, wide cultural interests, and experience in social work. A University degree or Social Science diploma though an advantage is not essential, but a good educational background will be expected. Salary £675 × £25 to £950 p.a. Application forms and further particulars obtainable on receipt of stamped, addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, and should be returned by not later than Saturday, 11 October, 1958.

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CLERICAL Officer (female) required by Medical Research Council for Rheumatism Research Unit, Canadian Red Cross Memorial Hospital, Taplow, Maidenhead, Berks. Post vacant now. Shorthand typing essential, knowledge of medical or scientific terminology advantage. Salary on scale £374 rising to £600 under equal pay arrangements. Write (full details and two referees) to Hospital Secretary.

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LADY as Personal Secretary to Technical Director expanding public company in Edmonton. Age 25/35. Good educational background. Previous secretarial experience essential. An intelligent and pleasing personality will find ample opportunity to work on own initiative. Five day week. Write Administration Manager, Box 3387.

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GIRL, 26, BA mod. langs, travelled, car driver, experienced secretary, seeks post for 8 months o.n.o. Box 3389.

EDUCATED secretary legal, lit., med. exp. sks temp. work. MOU. 8956 evgs.

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BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

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WELL-furn. room in mod. flat, c.h., h.c.w., use k, b. £3 10s. incl. Pleas. home for quiet person. NW2. GLA. 5364.

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PROF. woman offers to anr. comf. rm, small mod. house Golders Grn. c.h.w., tel., ck. facs. Reas. SPE. 6246 aft. 6 p.m.

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REGENT'S Park. S/c flat offered to couple or two friends, 2 rooms, k. & b., central heat. C.h.w., lift, resident porter. Refs reqd. Box 3509.

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YOUNG family have single room to let. £2 10s. inclusive. BAT. 5875.

LARGE bed-sitting rm, own 'phone, use kit., bath; bus. lady £2 5s. GLA. 0290.

WOULD welcome foreign or overseas P.G. or lodger in French home. Large bed-sitting room. Very near East Putney underground. VANdyke 1322.

KENSINGTON. Sunny b/s. mod. court. C.h., c.h.w. own bas., use kit. WES. 2267.

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SOCIALIST couple needing s/c flat sks good socialist landlord (?). Box 3388.

YOUNG French lady (teacher) reqs small flat or room preferably with kit., West London area, for one year. Box 3485.

PARTLY furn or unfurn. room wanted by quiet lady, Swiss Cottage or NW8 area. 'Phone PRI. 2509 mornings.

YOUNG lady Architect with well-behaved baby daughter, requires furnished flat Primrose Hill-Regent's Park area. Box 3303.

QUIET prof. woman (30) wants 1 or 2 unfurn. rooms, kitchen or cooking facs., exc. refs. Box 3425.

W.I. schlmaster and wife needs b/s. and sep. kit. Tulse Hill area. Box 3446.

CHINESE prof. man reqs large unfurn room; references. Box 3484.

YOUNG Graduate (f) wishes to share flat with 2-3 others c. central, north or west London. Box 3476

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 476

INSTITUTE of Spain, 102 Eaton Square, S.W.1. Term begins 13 October. Classes and lectures on the Spanish language, literature and culture. Library of over 10,000 volumes. Courses at the Spanish Universities. Special preparation classes for the Certificate of the Institute of Spain and the Diploma of the University of Madrid (advanced level). For full details apply Secretary, SLO. 8381.

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PERSONAL—continued

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LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

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6-11 October

Mon.	Madame Butterfly
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Wed.	Carmen
Thu.	Cav. and Pag.
Fri.	Don Giovanni
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Sat. (Evg)	The Barber of Seville

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THEATRES

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ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. Wed. 2.30. Live Like Pigs.

TOWER, 7.30, 10, 11 Oct. (Mems, 12), 16, 17, 18. 'Romanoff & Juliet', CAN. 5111 (6-9). CAN. 3475 (before 6). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Tripe & Onions', Music Hall. Fri.-Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Works by Telemann, Scarlatti, Vivaldi, Couperin, Bach. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm, Sat, 11 Oct. 8.15. WAT. 3191.

FOLK Music of the British Isles: Seamus Ennis, Jack Armstrong, Jeannie Robertson, Frances Mon Jones, many others. Royal Festival Hall, Sun. 12 Oct., 3 p.m. Tickets 3s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. Hall & Agents.

ICA Music Session. At 7.30 p.m. Mon. 6 October at the ICA Gallery, 17 Dover St., W1. A Gramophone Recital, Schoenberg's 'Moses & Aron' with short introductory talk. Tickets at the door: Mems, 1s. 6d. Public 3s.

PIANO-Playing for Pleasure. Four Lecture-Demonstrations by James Ching, MA, BMus (Oxon), Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sats, Oct. 18, Nov. 1, 15, 29, at 2.30. Adm. Free. No tickets. Advanced Syllabus 38a Hollycroft Avenue, NW3. (HAM. 8256.)

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 5 Oct.: Dassin's 'Celui Qui Doit Mourir' (X). From 6 Oct.: Films by Ingmar Bergman. Mai Zetterling in 'Frenzy' (A).

ROXY. BAY. 2345. Week c. 5 Oct. 7 days, Grace Kelly, Wm. Holden, Fredric March, The Bridges at Toko-Ri. (A.)

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Art Films Sundays 2.30 and 3.45. 5 October: A Sculptor's Landscape; La Tauromaqia; The Searching Heart. 12 October: John Piper; Statues d'Epouvant. 19 October: English Country Churches; Stained Glass at Fairford. 26 October: Stanley Spencer 1. Cookham Village; Stanley Spencer 2. War and Peace.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Johnnie Ware Quartet playing Jazz for Dancing. Today, 4 October, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

DANCE of the Year. The Warri Society (UK and Ireland) invites you to a Grand Dance in honour of the Nigerian Delegates to the Constitutional Conference in London (Sept.-Oct.), at Fulham Town Hall, Sat., 4 October, from 7.30-11.30 p.m. Tickets 5s. single and 8s. double.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

SCR: Play reading by Method Workshop in English of Chekhov's 'The Bear' and 'The Proposal', Tues. 7 Oct.; and Gogol's 'The Marriage', Tues. 11 Nov. Both 7.30 p.m. at 14 Kensington Sq., W8. 2s.

S. AFRICAN party, in aid New Age and Treason Trial Defence Fund, Sat., 4 Oct., 7.30, at 41 Platts Lane, NW3. Adm. 3s 6d, incl. supper, etc. Latest Kwela records.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions, Christmas gifts for abroad (no purchase tax); illustrated catalogue with new supplement 1s. 6d. post free from 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Language of the Wall: Parisian graffiti photographed by Brassai. Until 25 October. Admission 1s. Members free. Weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Library: Alechinsky—Choses sur papier. Until 1 November.

PASTERNAK—a selection of the works of Leonid Pasternak illustrating 'The Russian Scene' will be shown in the Pushkin Club, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11, from 8 October to 1 November, weekdays 12 noon—6 p.m. Sundays 3 p.m.—6 p.m.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Crozier, Irvine, Moshe Tamir. Till 11 Oct. Daily 10-6; Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITION of Wood Engravings and Colour Prints by the Society of Wood Engravers at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16-17 Hay Hill, London, W1, until 1 November. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30. Admission free.

'WOMAN in Her Various Moods and Guises.' Exhibition of Paintings by Maurice Man. Open Mondays to Saturdays 10 am to 7 pm from 22 Sept. to 4 Oct. (130) Kensington High Street Art Gallery.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paintings by Ferdynand Zweig, Don Tibbenham, Arthur Moyse. Sculpture by Ann Howse. 29 September-11 October. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

TRENDS in Contemporary Dutch Art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 11 October. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s. (admits also to David Bomberg).

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Edward Ardizzone, Humphrey Spender, Henry Trivick—Three exhibitions, 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

THE Waddington Galleries: Trevor Bell Paintings daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond Street, W1. The Free Painters' Group. Till 21 Oct. Daily 10-5; Sats. 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Women's International Art Club Annual Exhibition. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. Recent Paintings by L. S. Lowry. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by Richard Eurich, RA; Frank Avray Wilson & Derek Middleton. Lithographs by Utrillo. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes 24 Oct.

GALLERY One (GERrard 3529). African Batiks by Susanne Wenger.

DAVID Bomberg. Arts Council Gallery, 4, St. James's Square, SW1. Last day. Open 10-6; admission 1s. (admits also to Trends in Contemporary Dutch Art).

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq, WC2. Charles Carey/Trevor Hodgeson/David Tindle. Also Pictures for Hire: Yearly subscription 1 gn and 7s 6d per month per painting.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. XIX & XX Century European Masters. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-12.30.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Josef Herman: Paintings and Drawings.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Cheesman, Verney, Grimble.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. 20th century Drawings, Collages, Watercolours. Aleksander Zyw. Paintings. Opens 9 Oct. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

WEA Cent. Lond. Classes: ask for Prog. Join now. Social & Dance, 6 Queen Sq. Sat. 18 Oct. Tkts 4s. 6d. Sat. School on Race Relations, 1 Nov., Senate Hse, 2.45 p.m. Enqs with s.a.e.: H. N. Binstock, 144 Goldhurst Tce, NW6, or tel. MUS. 5570.

STEEL & Re-nationalisation. Lecturer: Mr John Hughes. Sunday 5 October, 2.30 to 5.30 p.m. at 447 Harrow Road, W10 (Co-op. Rooms). School organised by the Nth Paddington Labour Party. Credentials issued at door (1s.). Buses 664, 662, 18, 31, 28.

FABIAN International Bureau and Central London Fabian Society. Denis Healey, MP, and German, Polish and Yugoslav speakers on 'A Settlement in Europe'. Wednesday, 8 Oct., 7.30, Caxton Hall. Tickets 2s. 6d. at door or from 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

NO War on China. Spkrs: Rt Hon. Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Rev. J. Boggis. Chair: Dr E. H. S. Burhop. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Mon. 13 Oct., 7.30 p.m. Adm. free. Britain-China Friendship Assocn.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Joint Meeting with National Fabian Society, 'A Settlement in Europe', Denis Healey and others, Caxton Hall, SW1, Wed. 8 Oct., 7.30. Visitors 2s. 6d.

RACE Relations: 10 Fortnightly Univ. Extension Lectures by Miss J. E. Wicken, MA, begin Monday 13 Oct. 7 p.m. Fee 15s. Theosophical Socy, 50 Gloucester Pl., W1.

ERIC Newton gives an illustrated talk on 'Abstract versus Realistic Art'. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1 (nr. Town Hall, Rosebery Ave). Mon., 6 Oct, 8.30 (arr. Finsbury Art Group). Non-members 1s. 6d.

GEFFRYE Museum. E2. Autumn Lectures Thursdays 7 p.m. 'Recognising Period Furniture'. 9 October: Oak—S. W. Wolsey. 16 October: Walnut—E. T. Joy. 23 October: Mahogany and Other Woods—E. T. Joy.

ENCORE invites you to discuss 'Garden District', by Tennessee Williams, with Peter Hall, Ellen Pollock, Charles Marowitz, Penelope Gilliatt, Ian Dallas, 7.30. Wed. 8 Oct., Shaftesbury Hotel, WC2. 3s. 6d.

BIRMINGHAM Movt for Colonial Freedom. 'Racial Integration'. John Dugdale, MP, Arden Hotel, New St. Sun. 5 Oct. 3 p.m.

PEN. Hermon Ould Memorial Lecture. Dr A. L. Rowse on The Role Of The Intellectuals In Society; chairman: Richard Church. Friends' House, Euston Road, London, NW1, on Tuesday 14 October, at 7 p.m. (doors open at 6.30 p.m.) Tickets, 3s. 6d. each, obtainable in advance from PEN, 62 Glebe Place, London, SW3. Remittance and stamped addressed envelope essential.

THE Buddhist Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. 5 public lectures at 6.30 p.m. alternate Fridays beginning 10 Oct. by Mr. P. S. Jaini. Subject: 'The Basic Principles of Mahayana Buddhism'. Adm. free. Collec.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 8 Oct., 6.30 sharp: 'Shapes in the Water'. T. M. Harris. Buddhism teaches but two things—suffering and the ending of suffering. Saturday Group (readings, discussion, tea—open to all), 11 Oct., 3 p.m. Read 'The Middle Way', 2s. 10d. quarterly, post free, for full discussion of all Buddhist topics. Information TAT. 1313.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11 (PARk 7696). Fri. 3 Oct., 8 p.m. F. F. Seeley, MA (University Nottingham): 'Turgenev's "Nest of Gentlefolk" '.

STANLEY Lief on 'Health—Your Birthright', Caxton Hall. Mon. 6 Oct., 7.30. 2s. 6d. London Natural Health Society.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns. 5 p.m.: Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs., 9 Oct., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: Fundamentals of Vedanta: (ii) The Soul of Man. Vedanta magazine, 2s 6d.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public Lecture. Sunday 5 October, 8 p.m. 'The Changing God-Idea'.

SPLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 11 a.m., Sun., 5 Oct. Prof. Hyman Levy, 'Atomic Lunacy'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LONDON Schools Left Club. 10 Oct., 5.45. Ritchie Calder 'The Scientist in the '50s'. 7 Carlisle St, W1. Entrance 9d, members free. (School students only.)

DISCUSSION groups of the International Socialist Forum have already started in several countries. The first meeting of the London group to discuss proposals for the settlement of the Arab-Israel dispute will be held on Thurs. 9 Oct., 7.30. SMH, 103 Gower Street, WC1. Admission 1s.

INDEPENDENT Labour Party. Public Meeting on Cyprus. George Petkos, Bill Christopher. St Pancras Town Hall, 7 October, 8 p.m.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Basic Forms: Victor Pasmore. Mr Pasmore will speak on his views about art and on his working methods. Recent constructions and paintings are on view at the O'Hana Gallery. Chairman: Lawrence Alloway. Thursday, 9 October, 8.15. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Ellington Survey. Speakers: Gammond, Fox, Morgan, Horricks. Chairman: Vic Bellerby. Wednesday, 8 October, 8 p.m. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Illustrated discussion on the flats at Ham Common by James Stirling and James Gowan. Reyner Banham will introduce James Stirling, followed by comments by Denys Lasdun. Tues. 7 Oct, 8.15. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Record Recital: Moses and Aaron by Schoenberg. Short Introductory Talk. Speaker to be announced. Monday, 6 October, 7.30 p.m. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland Street, W8. 11 October at 6 p.m. Film: 'La muerte de un ciclista'.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues., 7.15 p.m., 7 Oct. J. Henry Lloyd, 'Humanism and the BBC'.

YOGA—'Self realisation', 5 October, 3 p.m. 2 Glenloch Rd, NW3.

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UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled (i) 'Linguistics and Language Learning'; (ii) 'On Varieties of English' will be delivered by Professor C. C. Fries (Michigan) at 5.30 p.m. on 14 and 15 October at the Institute of Education, Malet Street, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

ADLERIAN Society. Week-end lecture school (Non-residential) at Richmond, Surrey. Sat. & Sunday 25/26 Oct. 'Fear of Freedom & Responsibility.' Non-mems welc. Details from 42 Fortune Green Rd, NW6.

'ENGLISH Folk Song in the 20th Century.' London University Extension Lecture Course. Lecturers: A. L. Lloyd, P. Kennedy, P. N. Shuldham-Shaw. Wednesdays, 8 Oct.-26 Nov., 6.30 p.m. at The English Folk Dance and Song Society, Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Rd, NW1. GUL. 2206. Syllabus now available.

MOVEMENT Study Group for men and women on Tuesdays from 7 to 8.30 p.m. beginning 7 October, 1958, by Lisa Ullmann and Athalie Knowles. Creative Dance and Dance Drama. A course for mixed group on Thursdays from 7 to 8.30 p.m. beginning 9 October, 1958, by Geraldine Stephenson and Athalie Knowles. Both at St John's and All Saints' C of E Secondary School, Exton Street, off Waterloo Road, London, SE1. Details from Secretary, Laban Art of Movement Centre, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey. Tel. Weybridge 2464.

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue Religion School, 28, St. John's Wood Road, NW8. New term begins Sunday, 5 October, at 10 a.m. when new pupils will be enrolled. Classes are held regularly on Sunday mornings in all Jewish subjects, including Jewish history, ceremonies and Hebrew, and are open to all children from 7 to 16, whether or not their parents are members of the Synagogue. For particulars of correspondence courses for children who cannot attend at the Synagogue, apply to the School Secretary.

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RUSSIAN, Classes for Brushing-up; conversation practice evenings are held weekly at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq. W8. Enrol now. Details from Secretary

DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners, 13 October to 3 December. Particulars from Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, SW7 (KNIghtsbridge 6833.)

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on page 478

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